THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

VOL. I.—NO. 25. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.] PRICE THREEPENCE. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE public will have learned with interest that the plans for the development of the great resources of the Alexandra Park and Palace, upon a principle conducive alike to the welfare of the public and to the substantial advantage of persons taking part in the enterprise, are now fairly launched. A trust has been formed, consisting of gentlemen well and favourably known to the world, and, as is remarked by the City editor of the *Times*, almost all the members of the executive are gentlemen "well versed in the management of London properties and public establishments." The requisite capital takes the form of certificates representing 850,000 guineas. These certificates are of different values, from A (£1 1s., or single right), to E (£105, or 100 right), and entitle the bearer to

1. Participation, according to the number and value of certificates held, in the proceeds of the sale of the property, if the representative life upon which the Tontine depends be living on the 30th June, 1886, when the Tontine is to terminate.

2. To the receipt from a life assurance society of the sum of 20s. in respect of each guinea paid upon any certificate, if the representative life shall die before the 30th June, 1886.

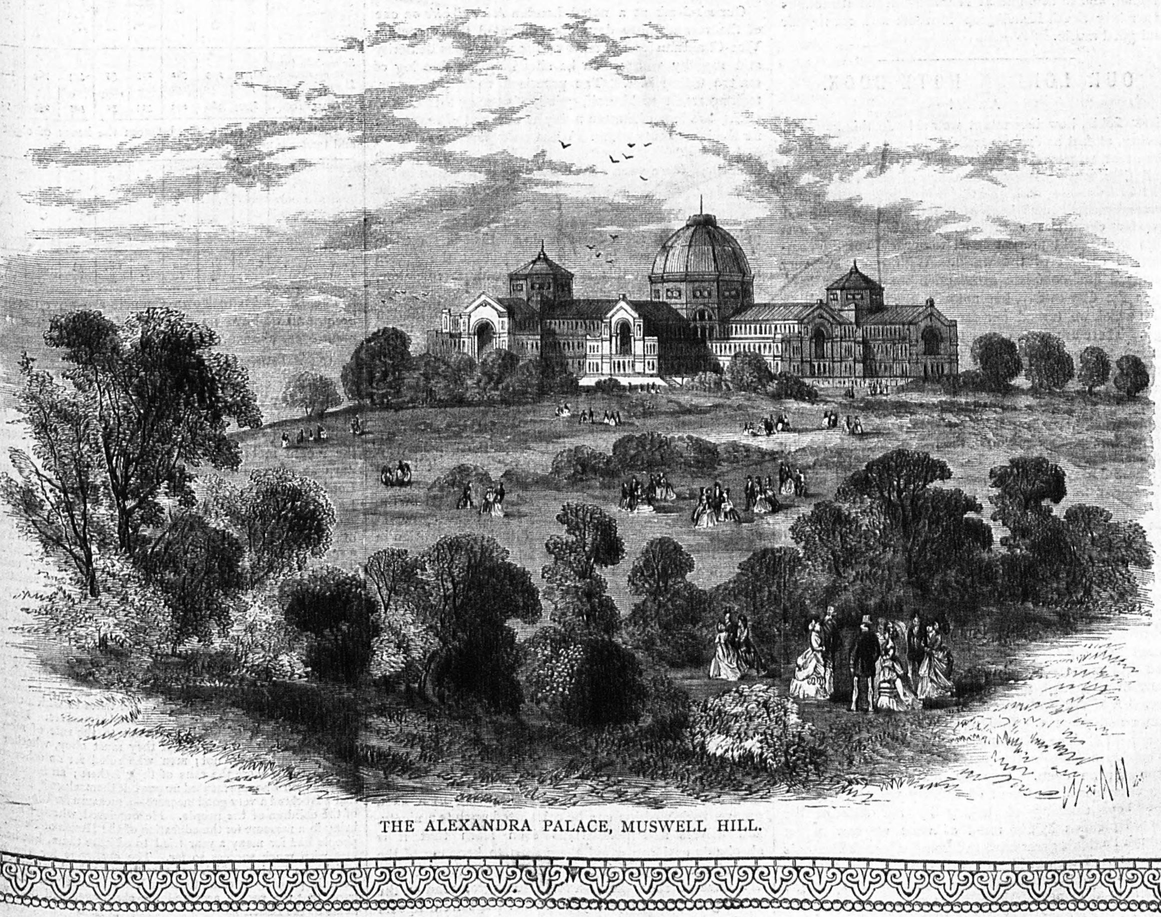
This is a very valuable provision, for, in the words of the *Times* writer, it virtually guarantees against loss of the investment through the premature lapse of the nominee's life. It is explained that the odd shilling in each guinea is appropriated to the effecting of insurances.

3. To admission to the Palace and Park, the area of privileges increasing with the value of the certificate held.

4. To participation in Art Union distributions, to be hereafter established, and of which it is intended that there shall be five, to be held triennially, and the aggregate value of the prizes in each of which is intended to be £100,000, or £500,000 altogether, ranging in value from £2 to £500.

We are glad to find that the Art-Union principle is adhered to, and that separate powers are to be obtained for carrying it out. These organisations are among the most interesting features of the enterprise—in the eyes of many, even more so than the very large profit which will accrue in fifteen years to the Tontine survivors. The comprehensive scope of the Art Unions, embracing objects of all kinds entitled to be considered works of art, and the useful and the beautiful, will prove a great source of attraction, and a recent modification in the original arrangement will offer greater chances than ever to successful drawers. The first idea was to give to each guinea subscriber a chance of winning a prize in each successive Art Union *until* a prize should be drawn, when all further privileges, including the Tontine benefit, would cease. As now definitely arranged, the drawing of a prize in any Art Union extinguishes the Tontine benefit, but not the right to chances in future drawings; and the matter of fact is that a single guinea certificate may possibly win several prizes, some of which may be worth as much as £500. Again, subscribers for the £105 certificates will be entitled to 100 chances in each of the five Art Unions, and consequently may draw some hundreds of prizes of varying values up to the maximum.

That the committee are in good earnest with respect



THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, MUSWELL HILL.

to the Art Unions will be inferred from their statement that "the whole net income of the undertaking, after defraying interest charges and management expenses, will be devoted to the improvement of the property and to the Art Unions." Of course, the more money laid out upon the estate the higher will be the profit—and in any event it must be very high—that will accrue to the Tontineers in 1886. The prospectus merely observes that "the property to be then distributed among the holders of certificates entitled to participate will be of enormous value." Recognised authorities upon such probabilities have estimated that the return will be not less than 500 per cent., in addition to the enjoyment of acceptable privileges all the time the Tontine is running. We hope the Art-Union principle will in some way be applied to the distribution of useful, educational, and entertaining books. The Palace is put forward as an institution of an educational character, and we cannot conceive a better opportunity than is offered to it in connection with the Art Union for being the medium of giving the working man good books as well as attractive pictures.

A marked characteristic of this enterprise is that, while very high benefits are forthcoming, by no combination of circumstances can anything be lost except the marginal shilling on each guinea, with perhaps some small item of interest, which at the worst will have been partly counterbalanced by the admission privileges. Take for example the guinea certificate, the lowest investment that can be made. Should the representative life fall before 1886, the subscriber will receive back 20s.; but, if the life does not drop, he will (unless he surrenders his share for increased admission privileges) either gain a prize (or perhaps several) in the Art Unions, or have his rateable share of the proceeds of the Estate and Park at the close of the Tontine.

We perceive that of the purchase money (£675,000), the vendors are willing, if necessary, to allow £450,000 to remain upon mortgage of debentures for five years. We are inclined to think, however, that, considering the absence of risk, the attractive privileges, and the clear prospect of high ultimate pecuniary advantages (the Tontine being a trust, there is of course no liability), the public will promptly take up the whole of the certificates.

We this week give an exterior view of the Palace, and we hope in our next to publish a representation of the interior. The Palace is beautifully situated, and is, we believe, destined to become popular, not only among North Londoners, but generally. It is intended to increase the railway facilities between the Palace and London, and to combine at Muswell-hill the attractions of a minor South Kensington Museum with country air and good music.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

AWAY!

How fickle, how inconstant we are! At this moment, fleeing, as fast as express train will carry us, away from the great metropolis, glad to see the last of its bricks, and tiles, and chimney pots, weary of all its brilliancy, its life, its shows, its high art, its wondrous activity, the remembrance comes back of the time when, with far greater eagerness than this, we looked for the first sign that might present itself to our eyes of the commercial capital of the world. With quiet but very unmixed and complete satisfaction we turn our back upon the City to-day, but not with the intense feeling with which we turned our face towards it twenty years ago. There are some of our readers who remember the season. A palace of glass, the first in the history of architecture, had been built in Hyde Park. London had been famous in history, but never so famous as then; for, as Hepworth Dixon says: "Like one of those lights which Rembrandt threw into the centre of his grand and sombre pictures, the tale of Hyde Park will fall on the page of history. Fallen thrones will lie around it: here the saturnalia of power, there the wild excess of popular freedom; on the one hand the grim aspect of military rule, on another dungeons and scaffolds for the crime of thought—everywhere anarchy, repression, conspiracy, darkness, dismay, and death. In the midst of all these struggling spirits rises up the great figure of the Crystal Palace to redeem the age." So wrote, and not without reason, the *literati* of that year—which seems, alas! but yesterday—and if, upon this hot August morning, we leave behind us without a sigh the magnificent and dirty, the gigantic and mean, the beautiful and foul metropolis, we hold for it in our hearts a remnant of a special sort of affection by reason of the occasion of our first arrival in its streets and among its parks and palaces. Two decennial periods have been rounded off since then, and the Exhibitions which were to celebrate once in ten years the event of 1851 have been thrown open. One we leave still welcoming the never-ceasing current of country visitors. It will not bear thinking of to-day by the side of the sacred pictures in our mind of what we saw in Sir Joseph Paxton's great nave and from Sir Joseph Paxton's galleries. That was like a dream of fairy-land, fixed for six months in the centre of London, and made by magic visible to all comers. We will not say a word about the show now open at Kensington, because it is not just to talk of it, with its so different aims, while these recollections are upon us; but we cannot help thinking of and speculating upon the experiences and impressions of the many who, in this summer of 1871, have come for the first time to London to know the place more by their earliest impressions than by anything they may learn and witness after, for the remainder of their days. Let us not be prejudiced. If 1871 has not, to us, been as 1851, the fault is not all in London. Let us try to give credit for this fine Thames Embankment, for this handsome Blackfriars Bridge, for the Holborn Viaduct, for the remarkable growth of railways, over-land and under-land, over-water and under-water; for tramways and asphalte roads and a more wholesome river; for the taking away of what once seemed the everlasting scaffolding from the Parliament Houses, and the agreeable laying-out of Palace-yard. There are some things to be grateful for, which may make the place more attractive, to the young sojourner of the time, even than it was to us in the memorable epoch of 1851.

Happily, however, London is far away. As the long miles between us increase in number we think of its faults with more leniency, of its great qualities with more impartiality. It had been growing great over us of late and overwhelming us. It had done us to desperation. We wanted no more of it. We regarded it with no charity. But there is enough in the grand old City to make a fine perspective picture, even to-day; and —who can tell? before many days are counted we may return to its gates gladly, and be happy to know that our winter will be spent within cab fare of Her Majesty's Opera, of Covent Garden, of Drury Lane, the temple of Thespis in the Haymarket, and all the sights and pleasures, the business and activities of the most remarkable city in the world.

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

The London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, making notes of a visit to Dublin immediately upon the prorogation of Parliament, draws the following comparison between the capitals of the two islands:—

> Arrived in Dublin, I noted wonderfully little change since my last visit, fourteen years ago. Few capitals have undergone so little alteration in so long a time, and few would bear alteration with so much advantage. There are squalor and wretchedness enough in London; but then the squalor and the wretchedness don't intrude themselves in the same way as in Dublin. There are poor districts in the English metropolis, but St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey are not surrounded with the disgraceful ruinous houses which surround St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals.

SHARP PRACTICE.

Our *vis-à-vis* at a noted London *table d'hôte* on one of the recent sultry days complimented the perpetual Vice-Chairman of the table on the marvellous dexterity and rapidity with which he sliced up the fine leg of mutton before him. The practised carver, however, took no credit to himself, quietly observing that he had cut up two legs of mutton a day at that end of that table for the last twenty years. What an experience! If we make abundant allowance for lost days, the figures give more than 500 a year, or considerably over 10,000 in the twenty years. At not many tables would there be the same unbroken uniformity of dishes; but this is an establishment at which what is called a fish dinner is provided in that room twice a day. Fish is served in successive courses in every variety that the season allows, and when this speciality is over there follow, absolutely without change, the joint of roast beef at the head of the table and the roast or boiled leg of mutton in the place occupied by our experienced carver. What must be the consumpton of animal food in this City since in twenty years one man cuts up the legs of 5,000 sheep.

COUNTRY LIFE.

TRAMWAYS FOR BIRMINGHAM.

The Town Council of Birmingham have passed a resolution which will, in all probability, result in the general adoption of the omnibus-tramway system in all the principal thoroughfares and suburban roads in the great Midland capital. In London the tramway movement has had to encounter a good deal of opposition in many instances from the inhabitants of the streets through which it has been proposed to run the lines; but, to the credit of our provincial friends, the same prejudice does not appear to exist to any appreciable extent in the large towns. It is not difficult to understand a theoretic objection to tramways. Before the experiment is tried one naturally imagines that lines of rails in the streets, on which run vehicles that cannot be moved off for the accommodation of other traffic, would be a sort of tyranny in the public way, and a nuisance to all other passengers. But practically it is not so in broad thoroughfares. These omnibuses only come and go at intervals. Their pace is uniform. They make as they run a certain jingling noise which distinguishes them from all other conveyances. Moving in a fixed groove, their position can be calculated upon to a nicety, and drivers and pedestrians soon learn that it is absolutely easier to avoid them than to keep out of the way of the more erratic and uncertain omnibus or cab. We have watched them on the Kennington-road on the evening of the Derby Day, when the traps from Epsom were at their fullest tide, and we observed that the chief inconvenience was that suffered by the tramway omnibuses themselves which were meeting the crowd. These frequently had to stop and wait for the chance of a clear passage, moving on and stopping again from time to time; but the vehicles from the races paid very little heed to the tramways. The incident demonstrated the great difference between an omnibus tramway and a railroad. These new omnibuses are as well able to adapt their pace to the convenience of the traffic as any other carriages. And, then, what a blessing they are to the public wanting the accommodation they afford. We boldly assert that on dry land there is no mode of conveyance so easy and pleasant. The carriages are spacious and airy, admirably adapted for ascending and descending; move on without a jolt, and almost without vibration, and carry you to your destination more quickly, as a rule, than anything else that runs in the streets. They are wonderfully popular with the public; and once they get into operation never another word is heard from those who were strenuous in objecting to their introduction.

Parliament has done much during the last session or two to facilitate the construction of tramways in London and the great towns, and there are tramways in operation or in course of construction in Leeds, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birkenhead, and several other places.

Two or three companies are anxious to carry out the making and working of an extensive system of tramways in Birmingham, but the Town Council have determined for the present to keep the undertaking in their own hands, so as to control the construction and management in the interest of the public, and to make themselves acquainted with the cost and the profits before entering into engagements with private enterprise. For Birmingham and the suburbs eight lines of tramways are proposed, at an estimated cost of about £100,000. Six of these, in the broader thoroughfares, are intended to be double lines, and two, in narrower streets, single lines. In order to obtain materials for a calculation of the probable income of these lines of omnibuses a census of the traffic of two great thoroughfares has been taken, and those who know anything of Birmingham will be interested in reading some of the figures:—

Table showing the average daily number of pedestrians, vehicles, &c., passing and repassing along Snow-hill and Hockley-hill, between the hours of eight a.m. and eight p.m., during the week ending August 9, 1871, exclusive of Sunday.

	Pedestrians.	Omnibuses.	Cabs.	Private Carriages.	Equestrians.	Tradesmen's Traps.	Carts.	Waggons.	Railway Waggons.
Snow-hill (near Bath-street)...	22,101	223	362	213	55	344	769	121	72
Hockley-hill (near Great King-street)..	8,705	166	242	314	51	323	253	91	13

Table showing the traffic, between the hours of eight p.m. and twelve p.m., on the 7th inst.

	Pedestrians.	Omnibuses.	Cabs.	Private Carriages.	Equestrians.	Tradesmen's Traps.	Carts.	Waggons.	Railway Waggons.
Snow-hill	8,850	31	142	7	nil.	38	45	2	4
Hockley-hill ...	2,647	16	60	13	3	19	3	nil.	nil.

The Birmingham Town Council are an enterprising body, and we have no doubt they will give the experiment every chance.

BIRMINGHAM AND THE LORDS.

Pursuing our plan of keeping our readers up to the level of any special ebullition of sentiment or opinion in the provinces on public or social questions, we quote the following specimen from the speeches delivered at the recent meeting at Birmingham convened for the purpose of considering "the conduct of the House of Lords in rejecting the Ballot Bill." The speaker is Mr. Lakin:—

> They had met that night to consider the conduct of one portion of the Legislature, which, if he might be permitted to call a spade a spade, he would style the house of obstruction and of mischief. The Reform Bill of 1831 was resisted by this House, until the country was driven to the verge of revolution. It resisted the Jewish Disabilities Bill until the people of London sent up their Rothschild again and again, until at last the assemblage of old women put on their bonnets and shawls, and toddled off home, and allowed him to enter. They had always been in favour of the heavy taxation of the people, paying but few taxes themselves, and not feeling what they did pay. They refused a cheap loaf to the toiling millions of the land, and suffered men to die about them of starvation, whilst ships lay in the harbour loaded with corn, rather than lose one penny of the taxes to which they had a claim. They represented nobody but themselves. How long would the people of England submit to the rule of men who were born to make laws which they must obey, whether they judged them right or not; men who ruled for no other reason than that they were the sons of their fathers; an imperishable body of men who represented no one but themselves? Mr. Dixon had advocated a very good measure—a measure for the education of the children of the people. He wondered whether he could bring in a measure for the education of the House of Peers. The poople had for many a year tried to educate them, but had not met with much success so far. The challenge for the battle which was coming, which was sure to come, had not proceeded from the people. It came from the Lords themselves. Let them know that the people accepted the challenge, and they would abide by the issue.

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

CORNWALL.

THE tourist should have a distinct impression of the locality of the three or four main points of interest in Cornwall, or he may waste his time travelling over the remarkable peninsula at random, and learn, when it is too late, that he has missed some of the chief attractions. There is a great deal inland in the county sufficiently striking and interesting, but the glory of the district consists in its coast scenery. By universal admission this is unrivalled by any other region on the sea-borders of England. If the reader will lay a map before him he will observe that Cornwall ends with a head-like peninsula, which may be marked off by a line drawn from St. Ives Bay on the north to St. Michael's Mount on the south. He ought to know that every mile of the outline of that head-like peninsula is worth exploring, from St. Ives Bay round by Cape Cornwall, Land's End, Tol Pen Pendwith, and the Logan Rock, almost to Penzance; and if he continues his journey he will still find something to repay him for his toil. Next the shores and cliffs round Lizard Head must be visited, and then he must go to Falmouth and explore the harbour and the river. Contenting ourselves, in this brief survey, with the remark that almost every point and bay and cove is in some way beautiful or interesting to the visitor who has plenty of time, we must point out to the tourist whose stay is brief that after doing the district we have named out, he must spare time for another special journey. He is bound not to leave the county without going to Bodmin or Launceston for the sake of visiting the glorious scenery between Tintagel and Boscastle, up towards the northern extremity of the Cornish coast. Speaking in general terms of the attractions of these chief points of interest, "Murray's Guide" says:—

> These are the slate cliffs between Boscastle and Tintagel, the serpentine rocks of the Lizard, dyed in the colours of the rainbow, and that magnificent barrier of granite precipices between the Logan Rock and Land's End. The cliff scenery is the finest in England. The caverns in these cliffs of serpentine and granite should be explored. In the former rock they are remarkable for their varied and beautiful colouring; in the latter for their cylindrical shapes, and the extreme smoothness and polish of their walls, the surfaces of which are sometimes without a single fracture. Every part of the coast is indented by secluded and romantic coves, which on the north coast are fringed by beaches of shelly sand. . . . The bands of strata along that portion of the coast which lies between Boscastle and the mouths of the Taw and Torridge are so narrow and distinctly marked as to give a ribboned appearance to the cliffs, and are heaved and contorted in a manner which defies all description. They are also so loosely bound together as to yield readily to the assaults of the sea. Here, therefore, the coast presents a ruined appearance, and huge fragments cumber the shore, bearing a resemblance to enormous walls, or to the carcases of ships which have been stranded and converted into stone.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

This is the subject of our engraving on page 400. It is situated in the beautiful Mount's Bay, off the village of Marazion (which word must be pronounced with the accent on the *i*). The station next to Penzance is Marazion Road, and in Marazion village the tourist will find a very comfortable hotel. The Mount is separated by the distance of about half a mile from the mainland, and is reached, when the tide is low, by a good, hard causeway. It is necessary to ascend to the top of the Mount, and to examine the grotesque blocks of granite, which assume the forms of the heads and bodies of animals. It must be remembered that the causeway is dry only for a brief period; but in the event of the pathway becoming covered by water there are boats and boatmen at hand to convey the visitor to the mainland. St. Michael's Mount, however, is inhabited, and is not without a comfortable inn. There are about 100 houses, indeed, on the island, and it has an excellent harbour for vessels, which was visited by the Queen and Prince Albert in 1846. In commemoration of the Royal visit is a tablet in the wall of the east pier, and the spot on which Her Majesty stepped ashore is marked by a plate of brass. The hill rises to a height of nearly 200 feet, and is about one mile in circumference. The most delightful part of the scenery is on the west side. Having enjoyed these natural pictures the tourist should descend on that side to the water's edge, and if the water is low, make his way round at the foot of the rock to the steps which will afford him the means of ascent on the east side. "The body of the hill," says Murray, "is of granite, but its northern base of slate; and from this circumstance, as exhibiting various phenomena at the junction of these formations, this rock of St. Michael has excited more geological controversy than any mountain in the world . . . . The appearances are now explained as the result of the following series of events:—1. The granite was violently projected through the slate in a state of fusion. 2. The adjoining slate was dissolved by the heat and the fluid granite pressed into the fissures, and both the granite and the slate, as they gradually cooled, were rent by contraction. 3. The partings were afterwards filled by mineral substances." The castle and battery on the Mount must be visited. In the hall are many objects of historic interest, and the chapel is remarkable, and associated with curious traditions. The tower of the chapel rises 250 feet above the level of the sands, and to the top of this the traveller is recommended to ascend for the sake of the prospect.

There seems very little reason to doubt that within the period of English history this Mount formed part of the mainland, and was covered or surrounded by trees. A charter of Edward the Confessor speaks of it as "nigh the sea;" and William of Worcester say it was "originally enclosed with a very thick wood, distant from the ocean six miles, affording the finest shelter to wild beasts." Since the ancient days, of which so little record is left, St. Michael's Mount has been, from time to time, a place of great historic importance. It was given by Edward the Confessor to St. Michael in Normandy. At the Conquest it became the property of Robert, Earl of Mortimer. Subsequently a priory was established here. After the dissolution of the monasteries it was held by the families of Arundell, Milliton, Harris, Cecil, and Basset. In the year 1660 it was sold to the St. Aubyns, in whose possession it remains. St. Michael's Mount has seen a good deal of warfare, having been held against the King and for the King, and undergone siege and heroic defence and capture. So late as the time of the Commonwealth the fortress was held by the Royalists and reduced by the Parliamentary troops under Colonel Hammond. The little island has, indeed, a long romantic history; but we have said enough, we hope, to arouse the interest of the traveller, if not to satisfy it.

TORQUAY.

On page 401 we present a picture of Torquay. We might engrave a hundred views and not half exhaust the subject. There lies the glorious bay, which has been described as equal in beauty to the Bay of Naples. That is Torbay, which saw the landing of the Prince of Orange. Let us quote a passage, by the author of "Glaucus," touching this charming bit of southern coast border:—

> Torbay is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and to the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south without a glow passing through our hearts as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by in the glorious July days of 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; the stone on the pierhead which marks his first footsteps on British ground is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain, peak, nor dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a Western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay surely has a soft beauty of its own. The rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass, and rich red fallow fields and parks, full of stately timber trees. Long lines of tall elms, just flushing green in the spring hedges, their boughs unwarpt by any blast; and here and there apple orchards are just bursting into flower in the soft sunshine, and narrow strips of water meadow line the glens, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky pebble beach. The shore is silent now, the tide far out: but six hours hence it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers and cattle, and trim gardens which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.

Such is Torbay, whose waters lave the fair feet of Torquay. Of this charming town and beautiful district we shall have more to say before we have done with these pictures.

IN THE SOUTH LATITUDE.

A never-failing subject of conversation among visitors to the West of England is the climate. It is not often in this island that we are called upon to notice distinct local peculiarities of temperature and meteorological conditions. But the two western counties are an exception. Strangers frequently remark that they seem to have left one country for another, so strongly marked is the difference between the climate here and that in the Midland, the Eastern, or the Northern counties. The change is not in the weather alone; it is in the atmosphere. You see distant objects more clearly in Devonshire than in any other English county, and you are better able to pick out the features of a landscape; the lines are sharper, and all objects stand out in better relief against background and sky.

Some idea of the weather in South Devon may be formed from the fact that in ten years—from 1825 to 1834—the number of days in which sleet or snow fell amounted to only sixty-nine, and those were chiefly in the months of January and February. A fall of snow in any considerable quantity is, indeed, a rarity; and when it falls it very seldom lies more than two or three days, except upon Dartmoor and the high grounds. And, while the winters are warmer than in other parts of England, the summers are less unendurably hot in sultry weather, by reason of pleasant breezes from the sea and a moist atmosphere. Thus, Vienna has a winter temperature the average of which is colder by more than nine degrees and a-half than Exeter, and a summer temperature warmer by more than seven degrees; Mannheim, with a winter three degrees colder, has a summer five degrees hotter; Clermont and Brussels, and several other notable places on the Continent, with a mean temperature scarcely superior to that of Exeter, are visited by far greater heat in summer and greater severity of cold in the winter. But it is more to the point to compare Exeter with London, which we are enabled to do by means of "Greenwich Observations," published in the "Philosophical Transactions." It appears that the mean temperature of London in winter is 38·3 degrees; of Exeter, 41·4 degrees. London in spring, 52·1 degrees; Exeter, 54·1 degrees. London in summer, 59·4 degrees; Exeter, 60·6 degrees. London in autumn, 43·4 degrees; Exeter, 46 degrees. Devon is often spoken of, and not altogether without reason, as a rainy county. The number of wet days at Plymouth is a subject of general remark. But, take South Devon altogether, and it compares favourably with London, as far as the comfort of the inhabitants goes, with regard to rain; for though the quantity of rain that falls annually in South Devon is greater than in London by more than four inches, the wet days in the district are less numerous than in the metropolis. The average number of wet days in Exeter is 162; in London, 178.

Dr. Shapter, of Exeter, who has worked up a vast amount of information on this subject, in his interesting and valuable work, "The Climate of South Devon," says, speaking of the natural productions of the district:—

> The fauna of South Devon is singularly rich. . . . The birds met with in the district comprise a very large proportion of those indigenous to England; the number of species catalogued amount to 247. . . . The fish that frequent the rivers and seashore of South Devon are exceedingly numerous, comprising in fact nearly all that are proper to the British Islands. . . . The salmon is fine in all the rivers. . . . The indigenous phænogamous plants of Devonshire amount to upwards of 1,100. . . . All the British species of shrubs and trees thrive exceedingly well; the myrtle is luxuriant in the extreme, and frequently forms an ornament to the cottage garden; the cypress and the cedar arrive at great heights, and the whole district is studded with elms, oaks, ilices, and firs, which grow in the greatest luxuriance. . . . In the warmer and more sheltered districts of Salcombe and Kingsbridge lemons and oranges have lived through the winter, and borne fruit, totally unprotected save by the wall against which they grew.

The most unscientific lover of the beauties of vegetation cannot fail to be struck with the great variety of the wild plants of the county. There are certainly no hedges in England so rich in blooming flowers as those of Devonshire, no granite hills more brilliantly arrayed in heather, no valleys so full of almost every variety of fern; no stones and trees so finely overgrown with lichens.

HEALTH BY THE WESTERN SEA-SIDE.

The Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, in his last quarterly return, in view of the coming holiday season, furnished some interesting notes and statistics concerning the sanitary advantages of English watering-places. He begins by saying:—

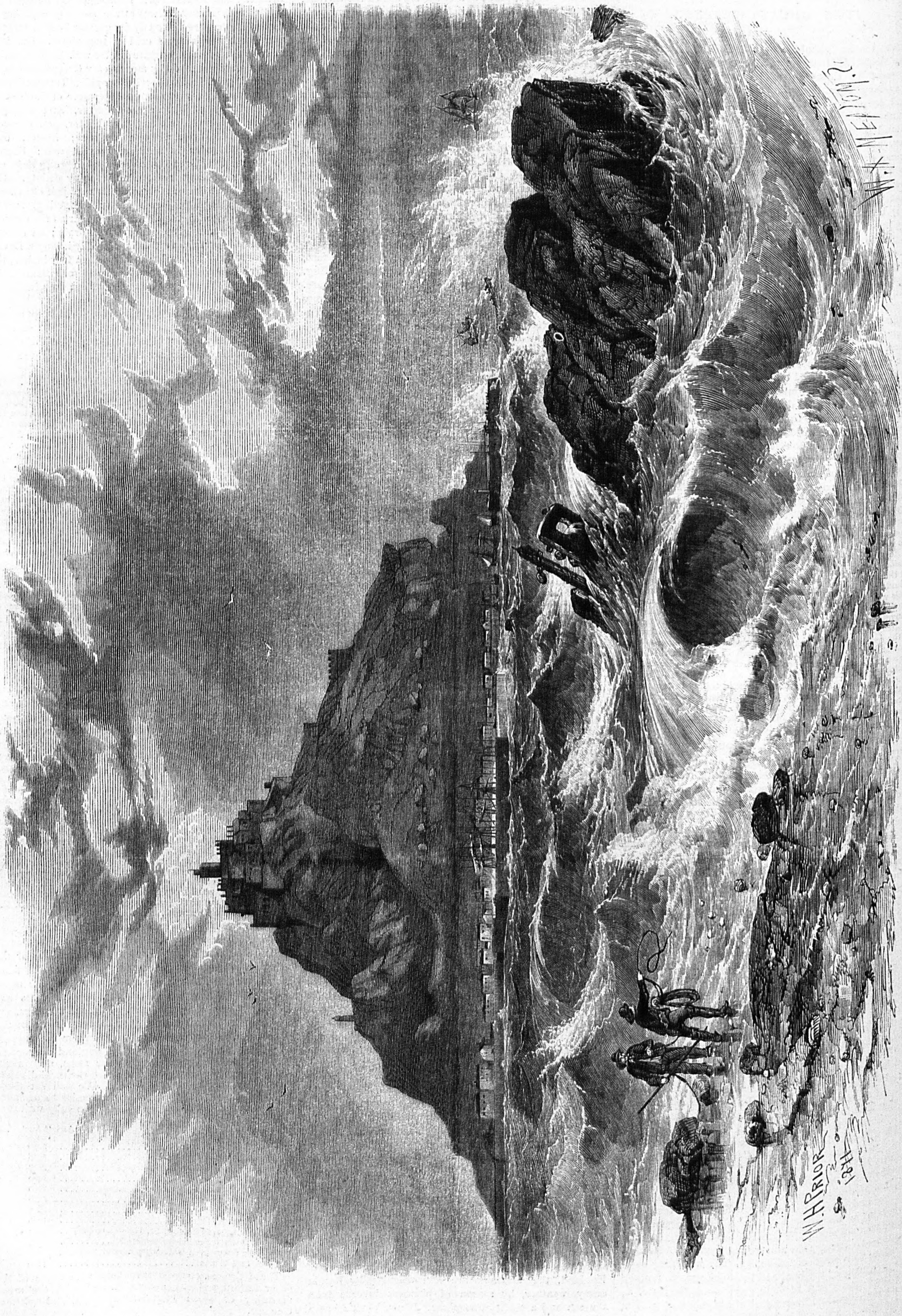
> Many English people naturally resort to foreign countries to pass their holiday, for various valid reasons; but neither they nor any others in search of health can find healthier places than in England. Germany has her Rhine, great as the river of a small continent can be, but without the grandeur, variety, and freshness of the sea encircling the English coast; here the green grass, flowers, and foliage can fairly compete, not only with the dry, hot, dusty air of continental towns, but with the choicest resorts of the country. The proprietors of the English watering-places have much to learn from continental rivals; and so, perhaps, have the English visitors, who, by opener and easier manners in their intercourse with each other, would add greatly to their own cheerfulness, enjoyment, and health. The salubrity of the English watering-places admits, too, of improvement; but all the sanitary arrangements contrast favourably with the inconveniences and unsalubrities abroad.

In order to appreciate the comparative sanitary condition of the western watering-places by reference to the rate of mortality, we must first take note of the general death-rate of the country. It appears by these latest returns of the Registrar-General that the mean death-rate in England during the last ten years has been 22·6 per 1,000 per annum. In round numbers, say there are 22½ deaths in a year to every 1,000 of the population. The mean annual death-rate in the districts embracing all the large towns in England during the last ten years has been 24·8 to the 1,000, and in the remainder of the country, including all the rural districts and small towns, 19·7 to 1,000. We will set these figures out in a table, to enable the reader to compare the sanitary condition of the country generally with that of the western watering-places:—

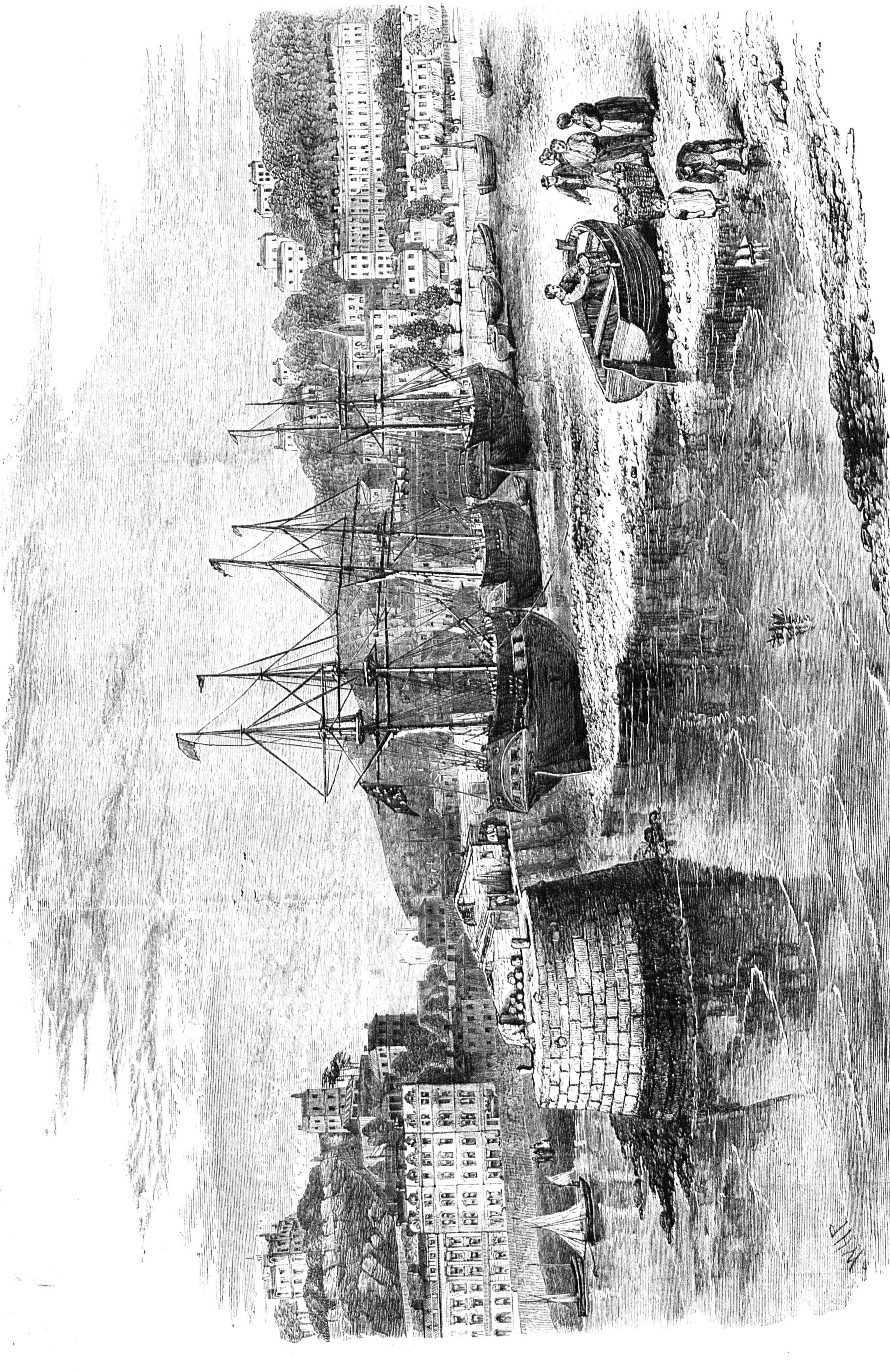
	Annual death-rate per 1,000.
All England	22·6
The large town districts	24·8
Rural districts and small towns	19·7
Torquay (Devon)	14·6
Dawlish and Teignmouth (Devon)	16·0
Ilfracombe (Devon)	15·6
Sidmouth (Devon)	16·1
Exmouth (Devon)	19·6
Penzance, Marazion, St. Ives (Cornwall)	19·3
Weston-super-Mare (Somerset)	13·2
The forty-seven watering-places of England and Wales	18·0

These figures contrast favourably with those of the other watering-places generally, and with the mean mortality of those enumerated by the Registrar-General.

[A letter from "Our Special" appears in page 402.]



Pictures on the Great Western Railway: VI.—St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY: VII.—TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE.

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.
MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

USE HAYES & CROSSLEY'S DOUBLE-POINTED SEWING NEEDLES. These remarkable Needles taper at both ends, and work with wonderful ease. Sold by all drapers. 100 post free, One Shilling.—HAYES, CROSSLEY, and CO., 153, Cheapside, London. [339

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP
CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WEST OF ENGLAND ARRANGEMENTS.

TOURISTS' TICKETS,
Available for a month, renewable on payment of a small percentage,
Are issued to all the principal towns and places of interest in the West of England, including

EXETER
DAWLISH
TEIGNMOUTH
TORQUAY
DARTMOUTH
PLYMOUTH
TRURO
FALMOUTH
PENRYN, and
PENZANCE

These tickets are available by all trains, express and ordinary, except the limited mail.

Passengers may break their journey at certain specified places, and every arrangement is made to conduce to their comfort and convenience on the journey.

Carriages run through from Paddington to Penzance by certain trains, and places may be secured therein by giving a few hours' previous notice to the Superintendent at Paddington or the undersigned.

Holders of Tourists' Tickets may travel by the 11.45 a.m. Express Train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in *four hours and a quarter*, and Plymouth in *six hours and a quarter*, without change of carriage.

Passengers for places beyond Plymouth by the 9.15 a.m. train have time allowed for dinner at Plymouth.

Time books, giving the times of the trains, the fares, and all necessary information, and Tourist programmes, may be obtained on application, free of charge.

Excursion Trains, at low fares, are run at frequent intervals.

J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.
Paddington Station. [449

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.
On SATURDAYS, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 7.40, Hammersmith 7.10, Kensington (Addison Road) 7.25, and Reading 8.45 a.m., for Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, and other intermediate Stations, returning on Monday week or Monday fortnight following date of departure.

EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE.
On the same days Excursion Trains will leave Paddington at 1.5, Hammersmith 12.35, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.25, Uxbridge Road 12.28, and Reading 2.20 p.m., for Trowbridge, Wells, Yeovil, Dorchester, and Weymouth, returning on the following Monday week or Monday fortnight.
N.B.—Passengers by these Trains may proceed from Weymouth to Guernsey or Jersey, at Single Fares for the double journey.
For Fares and full particulars see Handbills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Offices, or at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [467

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
On SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 1.5, Hammersmith 12.35, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.25, and Uxbridge Road 12.28 p.m., for Newbury, Hungerford, Marlborough, and Devizes, returning on the following Monday week or Monday fortnight.
On SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 8.15 and Reading 9.20 a.m. for Swindon, Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, returning the same day.
For Fares and full particulars see Handbills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Booking Offices, or at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [468

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
SEPTEMBER 5, 6, 7, AND 8.
Ordinary Return Tickets to GLOUCESTER, issued on Monday, Sept. 4th, and following days, will be available for return up to Saturday, Sept. 9th, inclusive.
First and Second Class Return Tickets, at Single Fares (available for one day only) will be issued to Gloucester during the Festival from Paddington Station by the 6.0 a.m. Train.
Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE.
The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea, making up 70 beds.
Table d'Hôte at Seven.
H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

FALMOUTH HOTEL, close to the Railway Station and Pendennis Castle, the most beautifully situated hotel in Cornwall, and replete with every comfort.
MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.
J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.
The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.
WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Imparts Strength to the Wrist and Forearm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will prevent Cramp in the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Imparts Firmness to the Wrist.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Prevents Stiffness in the Joints of the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will give freedom and Elasticity to the Hand.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Keeps the Wrist and Hand firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will prevent the Hand and Fingers from shaking.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Will keep your Hand and Wrist strong and firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER Steadies the Fingers and Hand.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. Only 1s. 6d. each box, with 1 doz. Pens.

ISAAC JACOBS, Sole Inventor and Patentee,
153, Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C. [435

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COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

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*** ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

OUR paper still wears a holiday aspect. We are in the midst of our tourist pictures. In this respect we are thoroughly characteristic of the season. Conventionally London is empty. The trains from all our leading stations are filled with passengers going to the sea or the moors. Partridge shooting, too, is taking many into the pleasant Southern, Western, and Midland districts. The holiday season is at its height. Unfortunately we mark it by the usual accidents to persons who cannot swim. A score of fatal occurrences at least have happened during the last month, many of them peculiarly sad in their details. This has started the usual vacation discussion about the necessity of making swimming a feature of modern education. Some of the public schools have introduced it successfully, but in many populous districts of London the difficulty arises of finding baths suitable for the purpose. Many large schools are too far away from baths, the river, and the Serpentine. A schoolmaster has written to a daily paper this week asking if some plan cannot be started for meeting this difficulty. Paris and Continental cities have swimming schools on a large scale. We might well imitate our neighbours in this respect.

POLITICIANS deeply versed in the temper of Paris say the French are on the eve of another revolution. This is probably an exaggerated view of the confusion which reigns in the National Assembly. Nevertheless, the recent extraordinary conduct of M. THIERS gives reasonable cause for anxiety and uneasiness. The *Standard*, condensing the latest view of the situation from the pen of its special correspondent, says:—

> The air is filled with sinister rumours, and everybody is saying to everybody else, that "something is going to happen," in the vaguest kind of way. In fact, the political atmosphere is just in the condition which has so often signalised or prefaced the recurrence of social convulsions amongst our neighbours. Ill-defined fears and apprehensions are rife in town and village respecting the possibility of German treachery, the object being to completely crush the French nation. The plots and intrigues of factions do but increase the agitation in the public mind, whilst the more probable event and real danger, the outbreak of a civil war, seems to be lost sight of. We have the assurance of our correspondent that an insurrection in the capital is out of the question; but Toulouse, Marseilles, Lyons, and other great centres of population are ripe for disturbance.

This is a dark picture, and we confess we see no prospect of coming light. M. THIERS is offending the country by an assertion of personal and autocatic authority equal to that claimed by NAPOLEON III. in the height of his power.

NOTES ON PENZANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

SIR,—I see that the *Cornish Telegraph* has done me the honour to accept some of my notes on Devon and Cornwall as those of Joseph Hatton. I thank the *Telegraph* accordingly. Your spirited little contemporary will be glad to know that Mr. Hatton did enjoy his sojourn at the Land's End, and I hope that gentleman will consider it no dishonour to be credited with some of my lucubrations.

Your correspondent, "J. H. H.," says I have been "looking out of the Queen's Hotel and thought (*sic*) he saw Penzance." He is quite right. From the tourist's point of view I did see Penzance. The beach and the sea, so far as visitors are concerned, are Penzance. They do not go to the Land's End to see public buildings. The sea, the beach, the headlands, the country: these are the attractions. When I complained of want of enterprise, I simply alluded to the poverty-stricken condition of the Esplanade, where the seats are few and uncomfortable, and where the fine sweep of the pathway is obstructed by a building which not long ago could have been purchased by the authorities for a mere song. On this point I am bound to say that I got my inspiration from the gentleman mentioned by the *Telegraph*, though in other respects he was much impressed with the situation and magnificent surroundings of the most westerly town in England.

In a commercial point of view it is important to the town that travellers should find some attractions at Penzance. They ought not to have all the nerves in their bodies twisted into knots by the howling performances of a wretched band. A town so devoted to art and science should have an ear for music; and it would be a step in the right direction if the young men of the place, who loaf about the Esplanade at night, formed themselves into an instrumental musical society during the winter. Next season they might entertain their visitors with open-air concerts, and thus leave some of the Esplanade seats unoccupied for their friends.

With regard to that Botallack Mine, Sir, I am almost afraid to say all I think. The local guide-book mentions it as one of the "lions" of the district; the car-drivers speak of it; everybody refers to it. You therefore take it in your drive, and go some distance out of the way of much more attractive sights to visit it. Not a word is said about payment. You intend to leave a *douceur*, of course. If you are a large party you may leave a sovereign, and think you thus behave handsomely. A friend of mine was one of a party of six. When they were fairly, or unfairly, I ought to say, enveloped in mining apparel, they were told individually that there was a fee of 10s. each, which was distributed among the poor miners! So that my six friends had £3 to pay. While my friend was staying at the Queen's, a Dutch family joined some casual acquaintances to inspect the mine. There were Pater, Mater, and a charming daughter. Besides his share of the carriage and pair the Dutchman had to pay 30s. for being introduced into a mine wholly or partially unworked. He paid the money and said nothing, but he thought the more, no doubt, and, when he gets home, will mention the incident as one of the English "tricks upon travellers." My friend said he blushed for his country, and made a savage note in his book on "mines." I should like to see a statement of these Botallack fees and a balance sheet of disbursements; and I think it would only be fair on the part of Penzance to let her visitors know that the admission to one of the most ordinary mines in Cornwall is *half a sovereign* for each visitor.

"J. H. H." says Botallack Mine was not made for me. Thank goodness, no; I cannot afford to indulge in such an expensive investment; though the idea of turning travellers into metal is not a bad one, yielding no doubt a large revenue. "J. H. H." retorts that he would not give ten farthings to see an "Editor" or "Special Correspondent," while some people would give their ears to look at one or the other. I fail to see the application of the joke. The fun is there, no doubt, for "J. H. H." is evidently a humourist; but it is not so apparent as his desire to keep up the local fiction that the Botallack Mine must necessarily form part of a visit to Penzance. I wonder what "some people" would give to see the *Daily Telegraph's* Special. I met him two days since in the neighbourhood of Penzance. He was delighted with the locality. I don't know whether he will fall into the Botallack trap. I fear not, as I saw him reading the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of a fortnight since.

Penzance has no doubt a splendid future before her. May I live to see her attain the height of her fame!—I am, Sir, your obedient

"SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

Dawlish, August 28, 1871.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCE BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY AT VARZIN.

IN a previous number we published an account of Prince Bismarck's estate at Varzin, and of the Chancellor's mode of living there. It was extracted from an article entitled "Prince Bismarck at Home," written by the correspondent of the *Vienna Presse*. The journalist says:—After a long journey through the arid and sandy plain, the beechwood on the borders of which Varzin is situated breaks suddenly upon the view of the traveller. The village has nothing striking about it, but, after climbing a hill, we reach the court of the country seat which Prince Bismarck has chosen for his favourite retreat. It is a simple dwelling-house, neither better nor worse than those of the landed gentry of the district. No æsthetical architect has been employed to ornament it. It seems as if no one had been bold enough to attempt to rival the attractions of the park behind the house. Kew does not surpass it in beauty, nor do Torcy and St. Germain equal it in grandeur. It was this park which induced Prince Bismarck to purchase Varzin. Close behind the house the undulations of the soil begin, and the park gradually merges into the woods, and forms with them one broad green ocean of foliage, which seems here and there broken into forest waves. Grand beeches, ancient oaks, pines, firs, and birch-trees lend variety to the view. In the midst of them lies the estate. Its soil is neither very good nor very bad; it produces average harvests of rye, and the Baltic sand, the bane of the husbandman, only shows itself here and there. Such pieces of ground have long lain fallow. It takes six hours to drive round the estate, and Chomitz, where there was formerly a glasshouse with Bohemian workmen, also belongs to Varzin. The Whipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. Prince Bismarck, I was told, only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods. His letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting, the forest, and the quiet life of a country gentleman. Lothar Bucher is the only official person who has accompanied him. He goes through all the important papers which are forwarded from Berlin, and prepares them for the signature of the Chancellor. Lothar Bucher, who refused to pay the taxes in 1848, and was, therefore, long an exile on British soil, is exactly suited to Bismarck and Varzin. He lived for many years in Stolp, in Pomerania, and was returned by that place to the Berlin National Assembly. The brightest and the saddest memories of his life are connected with that little town. This year Varzin wears a more tranquil aspect than in 1870. The Prince and his family live a retired life, and keep at a distance all those whose curiosity brings them into the neighbourhood. After breakfast the most pressing business is despatched by the side of the pond, behind the house, in the shade of the beech-trees, and then the Chancellor hastens into the forest, generally on horseback, to inspect the improvements which are being made. He is noted for his kindness to the villagers. The landed gentry of the neighbourhood frequently visit the family, where they always find a hearty welcome, and the relations and friends of the Prince, many of whom live in the province, often spend several days with him. The house, though it cannot be called handsome, is spacious, and there is room enough in it for twenty or thirty guests. In the course of time Prince Bismarck will probably rebuild the house and make it into a kind of castle. In the park of Varzin there is a large heronry. The herons are the first birds to come with the spring, and the last to leave with the autumn. The males fly twice every day to the seashore in search of food. They are the sacred birds of Varzin. The woods abound in wild swine. Herds of from twenty to thirty may frequently be seen. Other game is also plentiful, and this year I hear it is to be hunted with the chassepot. Thus the times change. Hitherto Prince Bismarck has retired to Varzin for the purpose of recruiting his health, by a quiet life among the fir-woods. This year the period of rest was less indispensable than formerly. The campaign in France has restored him to vigour, and made him seem fresher and stronger than before. Politics are a forbidden subject in the house, with the exception of the interesting episodes of the last war, which are often related and discussed.

According to the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday, one of its correspondents has had a conversation with Prince Bismarck of the highest importance, and the correspondent repeats to the world the dialogue, "such, at least, as is fit for publication by a gentleman;" by which delicate remark we are to understand that the Prince was far more confidential than the record shows. But what he means for publication cannot be too widely published; and therefore we quote here the most significant portions of the dialogue before us; and they are very significant indeed:—

"Prince, I need not tell you that all Europe has its eyes on Gastein, and is eager to know what people do there." "People bathe there and take care of their health." "*Et après?*" "Yes! *Et après! Vous etes toujours comme ça.* Well, I will tell you. The King" (it is always, I observe, with M. de Bismarck, "the King") "and myself have really come for the baths; but we were only too glad to receive the Austrian officials and to assure them of our best consideration. With Austria we had no quarrel, even when she began her ill-advised war in 1866. We beat her, and let her off with the paltry ransom of two millions. All is forgotten and forgiven, and we have so many interests in common that we must be friends. As such we receive and are received here. With the Austrians we always wish to be friends; with the French we never were and never can be friends." "I wonder if you, Prince, know how utterly you have beaten the French, yet how bitterly they hate you, and how they believe that they can efficiently attack you very shortly." "Neither their people nor their papers will leave us in ignorance of those facts. But if they prove, as they are trying to prove, that they are not enough beaten, we will do it at once. In fact, there is a question, even to-day, of our sending more troops into their territory. They are murdering our men now in some of the provinces, and protect ourselves we can and will. France," proceeded the Prince, "is always asking for time for payment and other concessions from us; and if we ask for anything the answer is 'No instructions.' They have not a man, political, civil, or military, and they know nothing."

We alluded to Italy. France, according to the great statesman, made mistakes in the Crimean, the Italian, and the Mexican wars. "To allow the unity of Italy was as great an error as to submit to the unity of Germany." "But, Prince, it has well served you, especially at present. If Thiers offends any Italian sympathy?" "Why, he drives Italy into our arms." "But she is there already." "Umph!"

I then spoke of Russia. M. de Bismarck utterly confides in the good faith of the present Emperor. "A man of good works, who has not yet completed them—notably the railway system; a man of peace, essentially of peace. Russia, too, is so vast a country that further extension of it will weaken it. Yet the railways are the point." "So, Prince, Russia must either fall back on her centre or extend her skirmishers—at any rate must do something. France would buy any alliance at any price. She is in the 50 per cent. category, and I hear that it is coming. In London Russian grand dukes have spoken strongly of the future which Europe must fear." "Ja! I comprehend. But the heir to a throne is never the same man when he gets on the throne, and the grand dukes are echoes without original sound."

PERSISTENCE.

Because I begged so hard,
She has at last unbarred
The treasure-chamber of her fastened heart,
And Love's feet enter in,
That waited long to win
Their way, nor would from closéd doors depart;
His patient, faithful feet
Find favour with my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
This, then, is my reward—
Love the wayfarer becomes Love the guest;
No more in streets of scorn
He turns away forlorn,
His tired feet find rooms of shaded rest,
Where all their dusty heat
Is cooléd by my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
For once my fate ill-starred
Is swayed by the mild might of happy moons.
Only one lightest touch!
Only! but, oh, how much!
Love wearies out whom well he importunes;
And well did he entreat
This mercy of my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
Years, with sad seasons marred,
Are lightened backward as with sudden suns.
Yea, over life's whole skies
The light of her dear eyes
Travels, like dawn and sunset shed at once.
Mixed in one glory, meet
All days this day, my Sweet!

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BERLIN.

Our double-page engraving is a view of the Imperial city of Berlin, as it appears from a balloon, showing the position of all the public buildings, the course of the Spree, with its shipping and bridges. We also publish a key, on page 410, which will enable the reader to find out all places of interest, and trace out the route taken by the conquering troops on their return. Berlin is at the height of its importance. In June last German pride was gratified by the triumphal entry of a select portion of the conquering army into the city, its inspection by the Emperor-King William I., and the inauguration of the statue of King Frederick William III., father of the present monarch. Other festive proceedings occupied two or three following days. It will be remembered that the troops, the Prussian Guards, and select detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, representing all the different German army corps that were employed in France, assembled on the Friday morning in the Tempelhof Field, outside the city. They entered the inner city by the Brandenburg Gate, thence crossed the Paris-place, went through the grand avenue called Unter den Linden, from west to east, and arrived in the Opera-place, near the King's Palace. The space between the Castle Bridge and the statue of Frederick the Great was kept clear. Here the Emperor sat on horseback, with the Princes, Ministers, and Generals, close to the statue of Marshal Blucher, and saw the troops march past, to the number of 42,000. He afterwards commanded and witnessed the ceremonial unveiling of the equestrian statue of his father, King Frederick William III., predecessor of the late King of Prussia, who was brother to the Emperor William I. The statue stands in the middle of the Lust Garten, and is in bronze—bright golden bronze, such as made the statues at Munich so renowned when new. The inauguration ceremony was most imposing. A tent had been erected for the Empress and the ladies of the Royal party, while round the statue were grouped the municipal authorities in their state uniforms, the Domchor in their red robes, and innumerable detachments of guards, cuirassiers, hussars, and Uhlans. No sooner did the Emperor drive up, than the Domchor struck up a *chorale*, which had been especially composed for the occasion. A benediction was then given by the presiding clergyman, Prince Bismarck whispered a few words to the Emperor, a gesture of assent was given, and the curtain dropped from the monument. A salvo of 101 guns was then fired, and the bands burst forth into "Theil dir im Siegeskranz." The Emperor then saluted the statue with his sword—an example followed by the officers present—then rode round it, speaking to several of the officials on his way.

SHOW PEOPLE AT A GERMAN LODGING HOUSE.

It is fair time, and the street acrobats and show people are returning to their quarters after the jugglery for coppers. The tumbler has done the great trick with the hoops for the last time, and is doing another trick with the organ man, who sees his coppers changing hands, but is still tempted to play, as more sensible and wealthy people often are. The monkey, perched on his shoulder like an evil genius, seems to be making lively discoveries in the mass of uncombed hair. And how the big burly Ethiop gipsy is enjoying the sport! and what sagacity is given to his wife who joins him in the pipe of peace! The wooden-legged man sits on his organ, which a child is turning vigorously, at the same time howling a duet with the dog. The picture is full of careful, telling detail, the result of a close study from real life.

THE FIRST WALTZ.

This is a domestic sketch that our readers can easily interpret for themselves. It is a good idea pleasantly worked out. The children are dancing what is called a waltz by the artist, but what seems to us, judging from the position of Master Henry, to be a varsoviana or a bit of the *can-can* from the "Grand Duchess." The young gentleman seems to be altogether too enthusiastic with his right leg. Unless the dog gets out of the way he will have one of his ribs broken. The old man is highly amused, and the ancient dame too is enjoying the fun.

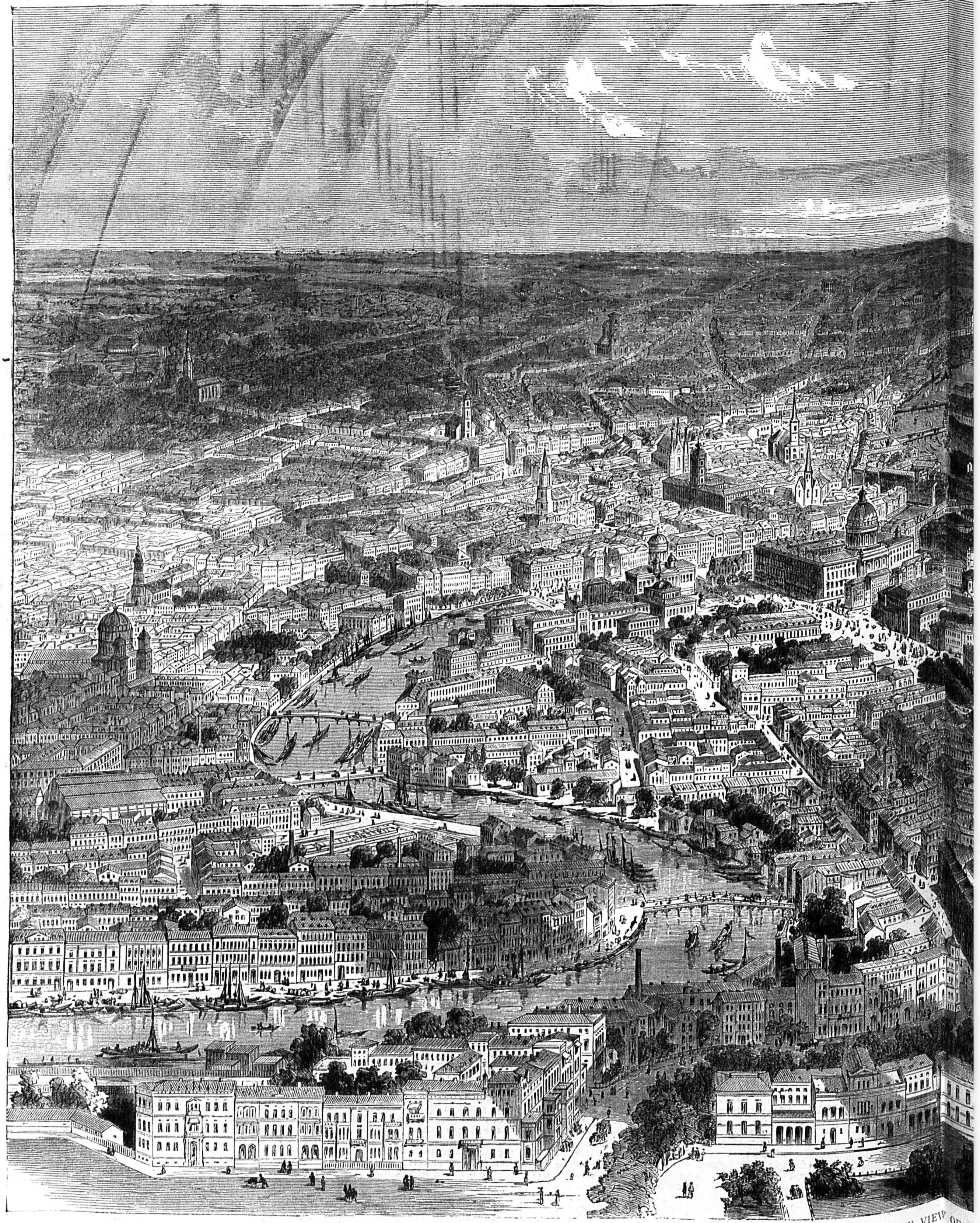
THE Algerian insurrection vanquished on the seacoast is reappearing in the south. The following accounts of the insurrection in Algeria, down to the 19th ult., are published in the French papers:—"At that date the Beni-Menassers had not yet accepted the conditions offered them and had retreated to the mountains, where a considerable force was sent after them. News from Batna mentions the revolt of the tribes of the Oulad-Ali-Ben-Sabors, the Selalhas, and the Hodnas. On the other hand, the Oulad-Sellems, who were said to have made common cause with the insurgents, had, on the contrary, declared against them. Their chief, Embarekben Kallef, after having promised his aid to Ahmed-Bey, had taken advantage of the liberty he had obtained by that means to escape fulfilling his engagements. Near Collo and Goasi General Lacroix, being attacked by the insurgents entrenched behind the hills, had carried that position with a battalion of the 88th of the line, killing thirty of the enemy. A letter from Cherchell mentions that communications between that town and Marengo were open, and that the telegraphic service had been re-established. The troops of the columns of Colonels Céres and Trumelet were at Aumale, enjoying a rest they had well merited."

THE resignation of General Faidherbe, says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is connected with a plan according to which the Radical Deputies are to give in their resignations, in order to place themselves at the head of the party which calls for the dissolution of the Assembly. When that dissolution shall have been accomplished, General Faidherbe and M. Gambetta are to be put forward as candidates for the Constituent Assembly in each of the eighty-six French Departments. They calculate that by that means they will enter the Chamber with such an imposing number of votes in their favour that they will be appointed to exercise the most important functions in a Republican State. The new Cabinet which would have been formed by the Right if M. Thiers had persisted in his resignation would have had at its head General Changarnier, and as Minister for Foreign Affairs the Duc de Broglie.

IN the French Assembly on Saturday a member proposed that the state of siege should be raised in Marseilles, as it was unnecessary and gave rise to great abuses. The Assembly refused to regard the motion as urgent. Some remarks were then made upon the terms in which General Faidherbe had given in his resignation, but the President held that it would be beneath the dignity of members to discuss the subject, and the House passed to the order of the day.

THE mortality in Paris during the week ending on Friday last was 823. There were 79 deaths from diarrhœa, 16 from cholerine, and 6 from cholera.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."



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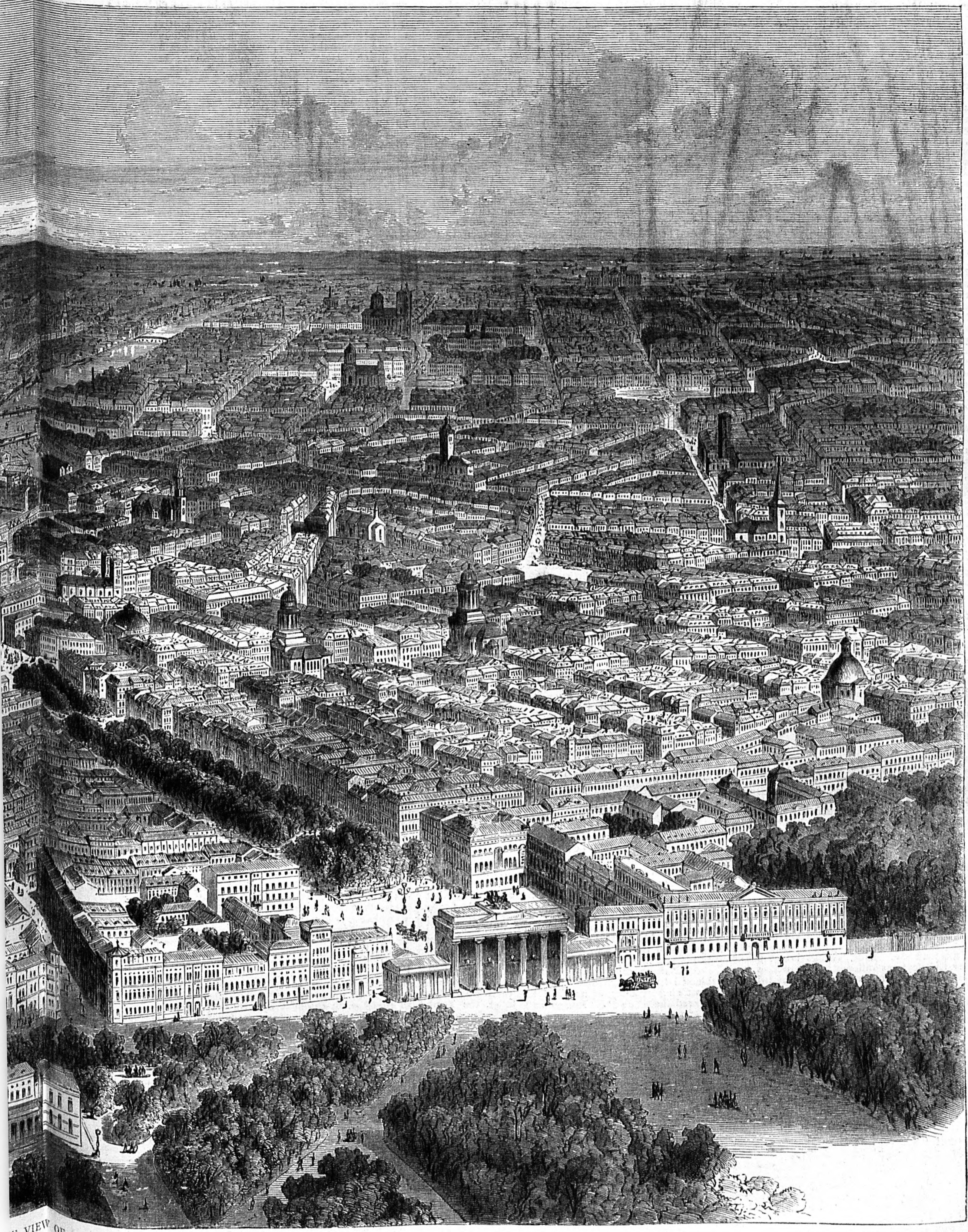


E VIEW OF BERLIN.

A MARIONNETTE MAN'S STORY.

"A CAPTAIN bold from Halifax" went up late in the summer to "dwell in the country quarters," on the borders of a shady grove which indents the western shore of the Hudson, at its widest point on the rolling Tappaan-Zee; and there I had the pleasure to make his acquaintance.

His literary stores, brought in a small leathern bag, were very miscellaneous, yet all were more or less interesting, and one thing I found among these *disjecta membra* which pleased me exceedingly.

I thought I had read everything which poor Tom Hood had ever written, in prose or verse; but here was a paper, in his very best vein, which had never met my eye before, though it was first printed, forty years ago, in Hood's London Comic Almanac. It was called "The Marionnette Man's Story," and is, in my judgment, one of the most adroit theatrical satires I ever met with, of which I will give you a realistic synopsis, embracing all its main points—for, now and then, it was a fault of Hood's that he illustrated until he confounded, in reaching out his *antennæ* for floating particles of wit and humour.

But let us introduce the reader to the enthusiastic lecturer. "Mr. Henry Dools, T. R. M. C." (Theatre Royal Marionnettes Cosmopolites), who has "the most handsome of testimonials from schools, public institoots, and all the crowned heads of Europe," is the narrator:

"Gem'men," he commences, "you probably don't know what Marronnettes is, to start with. Few people does. You're probably prejudiced against Marronnettes—most people is. You see, you don't know what Marronnettes are capable of—no, you don't! Even *I* don't know, though I'm at the height of the profession, and have studied 'em from a child. They surprise *me* more and more every day. No livin' actor is on a level with 'em. It's the only legitimate dramy of the present time, is Marronnettes. You see, *you* mayn't appreciate 'em, because your taste may have become so depraved by seeing real railway accidents and real fires and real murders on the stage, that you've lost your appetite for everything else.

"Ours is a honester profession than on any other stage. We let you see the strings that twitch up the trousers' knees and velvet caps of *our* figures! Other stage proprietors pretend they ain't *got* any strings to their figures! Why, look at 'em! Compare 'em, for grace, and for being life-like, with all my Marronnettes, and where are they? Perhaps you will let me know *ong passong*. And as to their private lives, do any of my female Marronnettes keep up diamonds and a landeau on three pounds a week, and bully the supers, and make the ballet cry? Put your hand on your heart, and *do* they, now? Nobody knows what feeling there is in wood, if you only know how to get it out. The engravers who dig pictures out of it knows a little about it; so do they who understand the Marronnette business in all its branches. *I* cert'inly ought to know something of Marronnettes—I've been bred up along with 'em, and served my time with 'em, and worked my way upward with 'em."

And he goes on to describe his progress from the first. He began with the *rôle* of "Taker-off," where he simply catches the figures when swore at by the First or Second Worker. Then to Scene-shifter, Blue-fire Superintendent, and Sorter, or where he gets the figures in order, and the strings, with all the loops ready for the Workers' fingers and thumb; then to "Reader," which is performed by two persons (man and woman); then Stage-manager, where he collects the "properties" ready in a basket "ag'in they are wanted for use;" and last, to "General Manager and Proprietor," where he had nothing to do but bully everybody, take the money, pay nobody he could help, and go through the Bankruptcy Court if the creditors were "disagreeable."

He didn't seem to think much of music as an aid to the performances. "I never was in the band. Music's all very well in its way, when sober, which is seldom in our line; but when compared with working on the heart-strings by threads, and lacerating the human breast with wires, that jerk passion into wooden limbs, where is music, I should like to know? I merely ask the question.

"You talk about emotion? I give you my word of honour as a Marronnette man, I've seen most of the best live players of the day doing the heartrending business. They never made me drop the tributary tear. But I *have* given way with Marronnettes—made myself a regular fool with 'em. Their feelings is not put on. They never feel anyways different, which makes it so touchin'. Many is the time my hand have so twitched, pulling them strings, at seeing the poor senseless things go through their business so feelingly, in comparison with other actors, that I have let go, and called to my mate, or the Reader, and said: 'Here, Bill,' or 'Joe,' as it might be, 'take these blessed strings and go on with the performance, for I can't, or my heart will bu'st!'"

He goes on to explain to his auditors that his actors are very different figures from the Fantocchini, who throw their arms and heads in the air, and skeletons who tumble down into a heap of bones, and come right up again. He would never go in, he says, for *that* line. His was the "legitimate dramy," and he never went below it, "excepting, p'r'aps, in the matter of ballets;" but "mine," he continues, "is a *moral* ballet. All my dancers' legs are fixed not to rise above an angle of forty-five degrees. Their skirts are long. Their underclothing is trousers, and not cobwebs, and their dresses are made right up to the neck. The most particularly squeamish of proprietors of seminaries for young ladies have given me a testimonial that my ballet is modest and improving to the mind, and would no more raise a blush than, for that matter, any other ballets seem to do.

"No *emotion*, eh? You may think that wooden Marronnettes don't take any real, live, living interest in the parts they go through any more than other actors. *I* didn't think so once; but it's only after you've studied them figures for a long time, and begin to find out what is in them, that you come to know different. You pick it up in little bits, when you've to do with 'em for long together, as I have; and it comes home to you."

And the philosophical proprietor proceeds to prove, on the authority of clever gentlemen whom he had heard talk about it, "that there is a certain sort of influence, that the commonest things receive, through being associated with anything alive that can *think*. Everything that is handled by a human being gets some sort of dull life from being so handled. A piece of ivory that has been carved won't ever grow into a fossil, though it has been buried alongside a rough piece of the same stuff that has turned into stone long since. I've noticed the same sort of influence when wearing another man's coat. It makes me feel different, like, because that coat has got hold of some of the properties of the wearer—a kind of virtue that comes out of him. And I know that Marronnette figures, when you're used to 'em for a bit, not only get into your ways, and all that sort o' thing, but get hold of your notions, and the notions of the parts they play; and hardly want you to pull the strings to make 'em do what you *want* them to do."

And he adds triumphantly, with a full appreciation of the honest verdict of his contemporaries: "If you don't believe *me*, you can just go and ask *other* Marronnette proprietors; and I have an apprehension that even *they* will tell you the same thing.

"I have come to know that Marronnettes *do* think. It was after I went to a real theatre one day, and saw real actors, that I began to believe this. But I don't want you to believe it on my simple say-so, or on the authority of the scientific gentlemen whom I have quoted—gen'lemen who have explained this as aforesaid, and who can explain anything else you ask 'em to, just as readily. And now I should like to know how do you account for what I am going to tell you about the sagacity of my Marronnettes?"

And here ensues one of the most remarkable records of the varied performances of a "gifted" Marionnette, "which has been heard of authentically for a considerable portion of time. I had the handsomest Marronnette figure made for me expressly, with ten strings and an india-rubber spine. He had a lofty brow, and a complexion like the beautifullest head out of a hairdresser's window, only, if possible, more 'aughty, and real hair for him to pass his fingers through. His knees for suppleness, you never see the like of; and the way he would go down on 'em to declare his passion for the female figures was sweet to behold. It always used to make the women-folks in the audience sniff, sort of hysterical, and say, 'Lor', now, ain't it just for all the world like life itself!' He had a easy, gentlemanly bearing with him, and his toes had a natural habit of setting out graceful, the like of which nobody would believe."

This wonderfully intelligent actor was called Romeo, being constructed especially for that character, "as regarded his knees, and also his spine. No one ever came up alongside of him in that part." The play itself, the proprietor admits, "is a good one as far as it goes, and improvin' to the mind;" but he was obliged to "alter it a bit here and there, like other managers, according to taste." For instance, in the second act, where Romeo says, "I would I were thy bird," he made him sing a song of that name as "sing'lar appropriate," Juliet coming in in chorus, "and both their attitoods gave every satisfaction."

The ending of the piece was considered too melancholy; so the Tomb Scene was changed into a "Palace of Perennial Peace and Plenty," where Romeo and Juliet were married over again, with "a Ballet of Montagues and Capulets; Blue Fire; Curtain."

There was no part this figure ever did so well as Romeo, especially in love-making. He had become so perfect in this, that he could very nearly do it without any strings at all. "He *must* have done it so," says the proprietor, "because his feelings would ofttimes so carry him away, I'll defy you to know whether you had hold of his strings or not. I have seen him do sagacious acts, entirely out of his own head, that was not in mortal strings to account for, nor ever was wrote down in his part for him to do, exactly like a live actor would, only ever so much more appropriate.

"The feelin's he had for Juliet no one ever knew but me. A lovely figure of a woman she was, light flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the very best of spangles; clever, too, but only five strings, and hardly the sort of woman you'd have thought a Marronnette of his abilities would have taken up with as he did. To watch them two figures making love was the sweetest sight you ever see. I never could get him to act with any other blessed female Marronnette but her, and that was a most sing'lar thing of itself. I believe if we hadn't altered the ending of Romeo and Juliet, the Tomb Scene would have been too much for him. He was that wrapped up in Juliet, I believe his constitootion would have given way under it."

Romeo took all the leading parts subsequently, but, whatever part it was, he wouldn't work unless he had Juliet to play with him. "If that wasn't sagacity, what *was* it? Strings wouldn't account for it, for, whenever he became perfect in a new part, he always had his own way, the manager being little more than prompter to him in case he broke down; all the rest the highly gifted figure did of his own accord."

He tried the *rôle* of George Barnwell, but did not take kindly to the part, "because, you know," explains the manager, "Juliet played Miss Milwood, and he didn't like to see her in such a low capacity. However, he went through it very creditable, and when he would come down on his knees, and put his head in her lap, and say, 'Oh, Milwood! Milwood! 'ide me, 'ide me, for I have murder'd my ung-kill, the best of ung-kills!' we mostly stopped for applause, leaving Romeo to manage his handkerchief out of his own head.

"A very favourite scene of his was where the chaplain came to say his last hour was come and would he please be so good as to step up stairs. He would then gracefully comb his hair with his fingers, draw himself up to his full height, and say in a commanding tone 'Lead—a—on, sir! Lead—a—'hon! Lead—a—'*hon!*' You could so easily see the string twitching up his trousers-knees, so 'aughty was his bearing as he strode on to the scaffold. He was executed publicly, as a solemn warning to audiences; and, though degrading to Romeo, he never seemed to mind, so long as he could convey a moral lesson to the public, without being separated from his Juliet. He would go through with his hanging, meek and gentlemanlike, shaking hands kindly with the clergy, as if, instead of being a very inferior character, with no strings to speak of, he wasn't Romeo, with ten strings and self-acting knees, to say nothing of the high capacities of his own head. You might have heard a pin drop while it was going on."

Romeo and Juliet at last became so attached to each other, that they seemed to pine away when they were apart; and "Romeo's spine gradually became weaker, though his bearing was as 'aughty as ever," being too proud to show the worm that was eating at his vitals.

At last one evening, after they had been married upon the stage for the three hundredth time in the Tomb Scene, the manager says to his wife, "'Don't you think if we was to marry them two properly, when the public is gone out, that they might live happily ever afterward?' She was as much taken with 'em as I was; and from her tender woman's heart, she said, 'Yes, bless 'em! by all means!'" So they had up the curtain and went through the ceremony, making the clergyman "do the service more solemn than in the general performance, with a real gold ring, that came out of a brooch, belonging to the missus.

"From that time," says the manager, "them two sweet little figures seemed as cheerful as anything, and Romeo's knees and spine became surprising. They could do any mortal thing, them two Marronnettes, in the way of parts, provided they only played together, and we never had the mind to separate 'em. A more wonderful thing I never seen."

BIRD PLUMAGE.

THE differences of colour and plumage, according to the sex of the same class of birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, the male bird has a more ostentatious plumage than the female. But this rule has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, pheasants, grouse, birds of paradise, and—perhaps hardly to be mentioned in such gorgeous company—the blackbird, have very dull and inconspicuous mates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, parroquet, macaw, and tit are in almost every case as gay and brilliant as the male. This anomaly has been explained by recent naturalists by the influence of the mode of nest-building. The true principle, with very few exceptions, seems to be that when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colours the nest is secreted, or such as to conceal the sitting bird; while whenever there is a striking contrast of colours, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open and the sitting bird exposed. This important theory is best illustrated by a few examples. We will first take some of those groups of birds in which the female is conspicuously coloured, and in most cases exactly like the male. In some of the most brilliant specimens of the kingfisher species the female exactly resembles the male. Kingfishers mostly build their nests in a deep hole in the ground. The male and female of the showy motmots are exactly alike in colour, and their nest is in a hole under the ground. Puff-birds are often gaily coloured. The sexes are exactly alike. The nest is in a sloping hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to the male and female, and the nest is in a hollow tree. The barbets are all very gaily coloured, and, what is remarkable, the most brilliant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous; the male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of a tree. The same remarks apply to the ground cuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned with the most brilliant and varied colours, the rule is that the sexes are exactly alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees, but sometimes in the ground or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases where the male is gaily coloured, while the female is much less gaudy, or even quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chatterers. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world, vivid blues, rich purples, and bright reds being the most general colours. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive family of the warblers, such as thrushes, fly-catchers, and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now throughout the whole of these families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree, or underground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because with these brilliant colours are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reason for this difference in the colour of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivalling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers" the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while sitting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of colour which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction and that of her nestlings. Those birds, on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore, much less to fear upon the score of discovery.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE *Germania*, an Ultramontane Berlin journal, states that the bishops of Prussia will hold a conference at Fulda on the 5th of September.

THE first general meeting of the German Society for the Study of Anthropology, Ethnology, and the Prehistoric Condition of Man will be held at Schwerin (Mecklenburg) from the 22nd to the 24th inst.

AN Athens telegram says the powder magazines at Lamia were struck last week by lightning. Great destruction was caused in the town, the inhabitants leaving it in great numbers.

AT Liverpool, on Saturday, the foot of a human body, apparently that of a woman, was found on the river beach, opposite the Nelson Dock Pier.

ACCORDING to the *German Correspondent*, the meeting of Gastein has produced no special results. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that it had no political importance. Suspicion and misconception often give rise to conflicts which might be avoided if both parties thoroughly understood each other. It is therefore most satisfactory to hear that the exchange of ideas between the two statesmen has served to strengthen their conviction that both parties desire to preserve the peace of Europe, and that they consider the cultivation of friendly relations between Germany and Austria to be the best means of attaining that great end.

THE *Swiss Times* says the Hon. B. G. Northrop, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Bonn, is now visiting Europe to inspect the schools and study the school systems of the Continent. He has visited the schools of Berne and other cantons, and expresses a high appreciation of the educational systems of Switzerland, and especially of the prominence given to drawing, languages, and technical education.

THERE is now living at Mowilliam, near Moneymore, Derry, Rosa Hughes, aged 102 years. One day last week she walked a distance of eight miles.

IT was announced in the early part of last session that the reorganisation of the Customs establishment had commenced, and would be completed without delay; but it is said that, so far from this promise having been kept, only two or three favoured departments have been dealt with.

A THOUSAND tickets of invitation are to be issued for the *fêtes* given to celebrate the opening of the Mont Cenis tunnel, on September 17.

A BARBAROUS murder has just been perpetrated in the Swiss canton of Aragon. A clerk in the office of his father, a respectable merchant, at Gallingen, had been sent to collect some accounts at Brenlingen, about three miles from Donaueschingin. As he did not return when he was expected, his family caused inquiries to be made for him, but could obtain no clue to his whereabouts, no one having seen him since he left Brenlingen. A search resulted in the finding of his mutilated body, buried in a dunghill. The owner of the place where the body was found was immediately arrested, and he confessed that the desire to possess himself of the money which the young man had with him prompted him to commit the crime.

MR. HIGFORD BURR has established in Aldermaston Park a "snakery," in the hope of effecting an improvement in our English reptiles.

THE undertaking connected with the correction of the waters of the Jura, so far as relate to the enlargement and rectification of the bed of the Thielle, between Nidau and Bûren, is being prosecuted with activity by the authorities of the canton of Berne. The engineers appointed by the Confederation made a minute survey of the works a few days ago, and it appears that up to the end of June no less than 1,300,000 cubic metres of soil had been removed in enlarging the new canal of Thielle to a width of 220 feet, and increasing the depth to 23 feet, the total cost up to that date being about 2,500,000f. Of this amount, the Confederation will shortly refund one million to the canton of Berne. In addition to the enlargement of the canal, several works have been constructed, amongst other a large iron bridge which crosses the canal near Nidau, on the main road to Bienne, Aarberg, and Berne. This bridge is now completed, and is open for public traffic.

IT is stated by the *Bund* that the inquiry which is now taking place at Geneva on the subject of the false Russian notes is assuming formidable proportions. A Polish painter and his wife, who have been living for some time at Geneva in considerable style, have recently been arrested, and it is even whispered that a French bishop is implicated. The same paper announces that within the last few days a warrant was issued for the arrest of M. Ochsenbein, Secretary-General of the Departments of Justice and Police, but that, before it could be executed, information of the fact was conveyed to him, and he succeeded in escaping.

M. LA NICCA has just published a new pamphlet setting out in detail his plan of joining the St. Gotthard Railway with that of Lukmanier. The proposal is only a modification of the present route which the St. Gotthard line will take, as M. La Nicca proposes to pierce the Alps a little farther to the east than has been previously suggested. This slight deviation will, however, enable the subterranean portions of the work to be completed with much less difficulty, and with a greater saving of time than can be done in any other way, as, instead of one long tunnel, fourteen kilometres in length, as at present proposed, all M. Nicca would have would be two smaller ones, both of which will be made through mountains which are so situated as to enable the workmen to proceed with the necessary works from different points at the same time.

AT the winter examination of 1871 for admission to the Royal Military Academy the limits of age of candidates will be sixteen to nineteen.

THE long-disused churchyard of St. George's, Southwark, is to be converted into a garden for the use of the parishioners.

LORD SANDHURST, commander of the forces in Ireland, and the Irish Master of the Rolls, were on Saturday sworn in Lords Justices in the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant, who has left Dublin for England.

AN Indiana paper remarks of the toilets displayed at a recent assemblage there that they gave evidence of a dry season and a scarcity of water.

A SERIOUS accident happened on Saturday evening to the saloon steamer *Palmerston*, running between London and Sheerness. The vessel was returning from a trip round the Nore, and had a large number of passengers on board. As she neared London Bridge the captain, observing some barges moored off Nicholson's Wharf, in the navigable part of the river, and seeing that a collision was inevitable, eased the engines so as to touch the outlying barge as lightly as possible. The collision, however, was sufficient to cause the steamer to veer round, and as there was another barge lying in the centre of the river, laden, as is supposed, with straw, the captain attempted to bring the vessel round, but in passing under the second arch of London Bridge, on the City side, the paddle-box caught the granite abutment of the arch, and was smashed into splinters, while the aft funnel was split in two as it came in contact with the arch of the bridge. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued, amidst the screaming of women and children. A cry was soon heard of "a man overboard," and a man was seen by the rays of the moon battling in the river for his life. He was observed to be a good swimmer, and as the tide was running up very fast at the time he was soon picked up by a waterman named J. Byrne, and landed in safety, but not until he had nearly reached the railway-bridge. The damage done to the vessel is very serious.

IN its notes from Bala, the *Swiss Times* says a young man named Martin Oschner, of Einsiedeln, has just fallen a victim to duelling, which is practised to so great an extent among the students of that university. The duel, in which swords were used, took place at Fribourg, in Bresgau, and Oschner was run through the body by his antagonist, and died almost immediately. Two Swiss students, Theophile Knechtenhofer, of Thun, and Pierre Manake, of Schwerin, fared much better, for just as they had taken their stand at twelve paces from each other, armed with pistols, they were interrupted by the arrival of the police, who took them before a magistrate, where, in addition to a sharp reprimand, they were each condemned to two months' imprisonment.

MOSQUITOES are said to be troubling Londoners.

AN official return shows eight Irishmen still undergoing punishment for complicity in the offence known as the "Manchester Rescue." The names of these convicts are Shore, Moorhouse, Brannon, Carroll, Sculley, Featherstone, Murphy, and Melody. The first and last were sentenced to death; the others to five years' penal servitude. The return states that there are no Irishmen now under punishment for the Clerkenwell outrage or as convicts for treason-felony. This return relates to Irish convicts in English gaols or the penal settlements. Another return shows, on the 1st of August, four persons, members of the Riband Society, detained in prison under the Lord Lieutenant's warrant, under the authority of Part I. of the Protection of Life and Property Act of 1871; the names of these men are Melia, Seery, Daly, and Dunne.

A DRUNKEN porter fell downstairs at Rotherhithe and was killed.

THE remains of two adult human beings have been dug up on the foreshore at North Woolwich, below high water-mark. The remains have the appearance of having been hastily interred, but there is nothing to show how long or under what circumstances they have occupied such remarkable graves. In the immediate neighbourhood, and just below the opening made for the Dagenham Docks, the bed of the river discloses at low spring tides some interesting remains of an ancient forest, the roots and trunks of enormous trees gradually decaying into peat. The trees are apparently yew, similar to a large number found at various times buried deep in the Government marshes at Plumstead, which at one time are known to have been under water and to have formed part of the River Thames.

THE celebrated story of the Cock-lane ghost (says the *New York Times*) has recently been eclipsed by mysterious doings at a farm-house in Montgomery County, Ohio. The owner, a man named Benjamin Stiver, has suffered so much, pecuniarily, from the destructive pranks of ghostly visitors, that he has been impelled to make an affidavit before a magistrate, in which he furnishes a detailed statement that would fill several columns of the *Times*. The "manifestations" originated in stripping the crusts from pies which stood upon a shelf in the cellar. Then the milk-tubs were upset, the potatoes thrown about the floor, the vinegar-barrels overturned, the chairs and tables sent flying from one end of the room to the other, the flour scattered, the chimney ornaments broken in fragments, flower-pots turned upside down, kettles of boiling water dashed from the stove, and last, but by no means least, an assault made upon the infant heir to the estate. Some of Stiver's kinsmen, who were called upon to witness the movements of the furniture, give testimony in corroboration. The Spiritualists residing in the neighbourhood are endeavouring to connect the mystery with the presence of a boy "medium," who has lately been adopted by the family. Hitherto the inhabitants of the "spirit world" have been in the habit of amusing themselves during the hours of darkness, but in this case there has been such a departure from the regular rule as to admit of most of the "heavy work" being done between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon.

SOME young ladies in a western town of the United States have organised a buttermilk society, to furnish the pure extract to young men addicted to ardent spirits, hoping by this means to reclaim them.

THE banker Vilanger has been nominated German Consul for the north of Paris.

GENERAL DUCROT has been appointed the military commander at Bruges, where the second army is about being formed.

YOUNG ladies in New Haven are learning to play the violin. The idea of having four strings to their bow is fascinating.

A TELEGRAM from Hallein, near Salzburg, to the *Daily Telegraph* affirms that a new secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, exists between Prussia and Italy. The Emperor of Austria is to pay the return visit to the Emperor of Germany at Coblenz.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from a garrison town on the banks of the Rhine, tells the following story:—On a certain day last week a party of German officers were dining together, when a dispute—said to be about a lady—arose between two of them. Words ran so high that finally both declared they could only be satisfied by bloodshed, and, as duelling is not allowed, they adopted another horrible means of ending their quarrel. It was agreed that they should stake their lives on the throw of the dice, and whichever threw the lowest number was bound by his word of honour to blow his own brains out. The unlucky number was thrown by a young officer who had gone through the late campaign with distinction, and had been rewarded with the Iron Cross. He at once prepared for his fate by writing a letter to his colonel, who happened to be absent, and making his will, and then, the very same evening, fulfilled his melancholy promise. His death and the military funeral he was given created a little excitement in the town, but, apparently, the feeling uppermost in the minds of the inhabitants was that expressed by the landlord of the hotel, who said to me, "It was a very funny duel." The other actor in the tragedy discussed the event quite calmly the next day in the *table d'hôte* room.

AT the Versailles court-martial a witness stated that Jourde was desirous of selling the deposits of value contained in the Treasury, an accusation which he strongly denied. MM. Lachana, *fils*, and Dupont, are the counsel for Champy and Regère.

A CIRCULAR, dated Versailles, August 24, has been sent by the Minister of the Interior in France to the prefects, in which he says he has been informed that celebrations in commemoration of the 4th of September are contemplated in several towns. The Minister admits that the revolution which took place on the 4th September established the Republic; but says that the disasters which led to that event cannot be forgotten, and that a commemorative *fête* would recall the saddest reverses of the country. The prefects are, therefore, to appeal to the patriotism of the people to abstain from all rejoicings on the 4th September. Should no attention be paid to the appeal, the law is to be put in force.

IT was reported that certain Catholics were about to raise a lottery loan for the purpose of providing for the necessities of the Papal exchequer. The *Osservatore Romano* has published a positive denial of the rumour.

THE Servian Skouptchina will probably be opened at the beginning of September. M. Vacaresco has been elected Deputy for Belgrade.

THE Paris Municipal Council has decided upon the issue of a Lottery Loan bearing 3 per cent. interest.

THE *Reichsanzeiger* publishes an Imperial ordinance by which the German Customs frontier is opened to most kinds of Alsatian goods, care being taken that the just claims of all parties are duly considered. By this measure Alsace will to all intents and purposes be included in the German Zollverein. The old duties on wine, cocoa, chocolate, and roasted coffee will, it is true, still for a time be retained, and it will be necessary to prove that linens, silks, and woollen stuffs have really been manufactured in Alsace before they can be introduced into Germany duty free. The fact that this measure has been adopted by the German Government renders it probable that the French Government has refused to prolong the period during which Alsatian goods may be introduced into France untaxed.

AN official note which has been sent to the Italian Government by M. de Remusat announces that France does not intend to introduce any modifications in the Customs conventions with Italy or other Powers without such modifications being adopted after mutual consideration.

THE *Français* reports that since Thursday's sitting of the Assembly the Bonapartist party has given signs of renewed activity; several personages belonging to that party who were to have gone for their *villeggiatura* have postponed their departure.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—DERANGED STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE.—Our comfort, happiness, and security depend on the knowledge that most diseases originate by apparently a trifling beginning. And the large proportion of them spring from inattention to the state of the stomach. Professor Holloway has turned this knowledge to useful account by discovering medicines which rectify the error as soon as it is seen, and save the system from loss of appetite, strength, and energy, which are, without exception, attendants on disordered digestion. They ward off likewise the torturing sick headache. The Ointment should be well rubbed twice daily over the stomach, liver, and bowels—to them it penetrates, and upon them it immediately exerts its renovating influence.

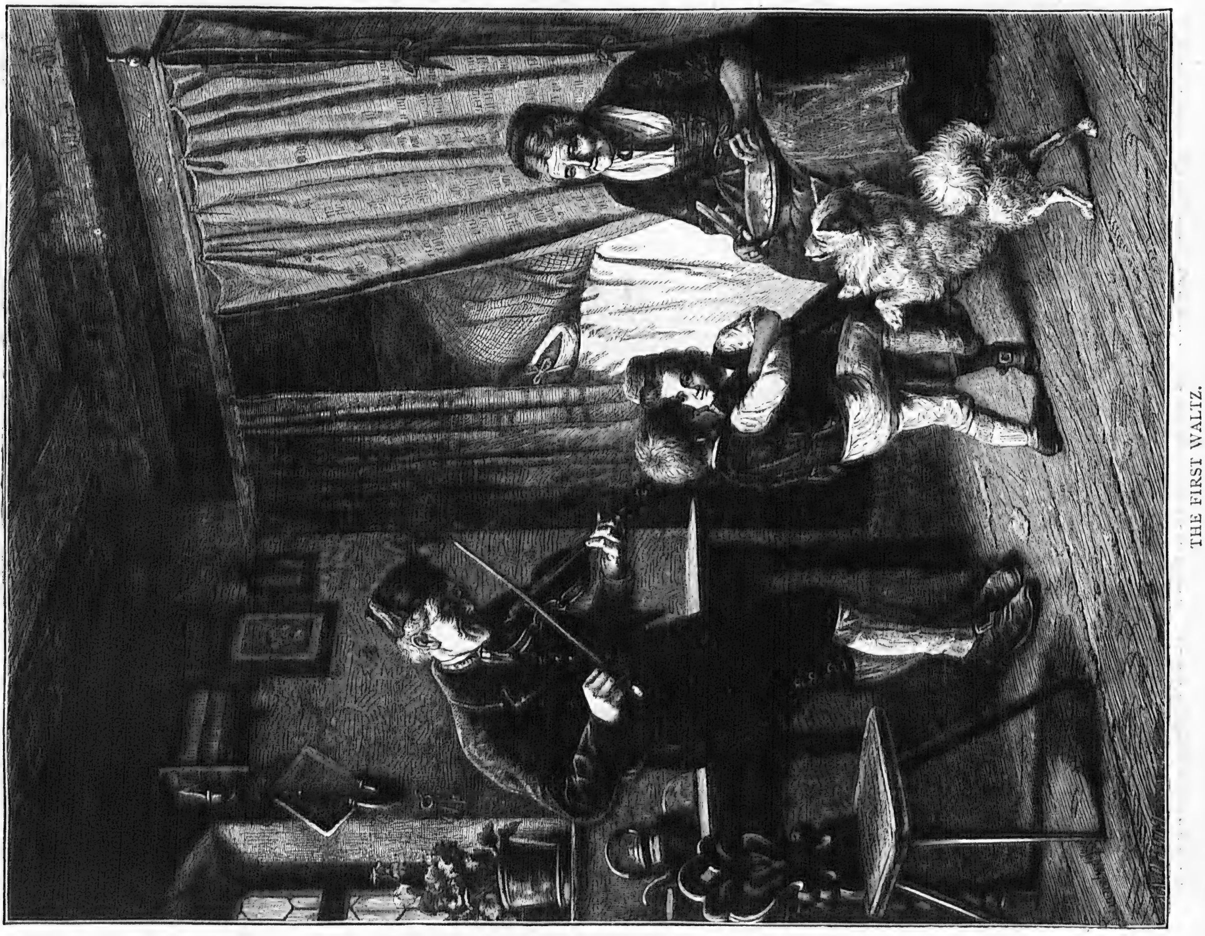
BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges.* Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

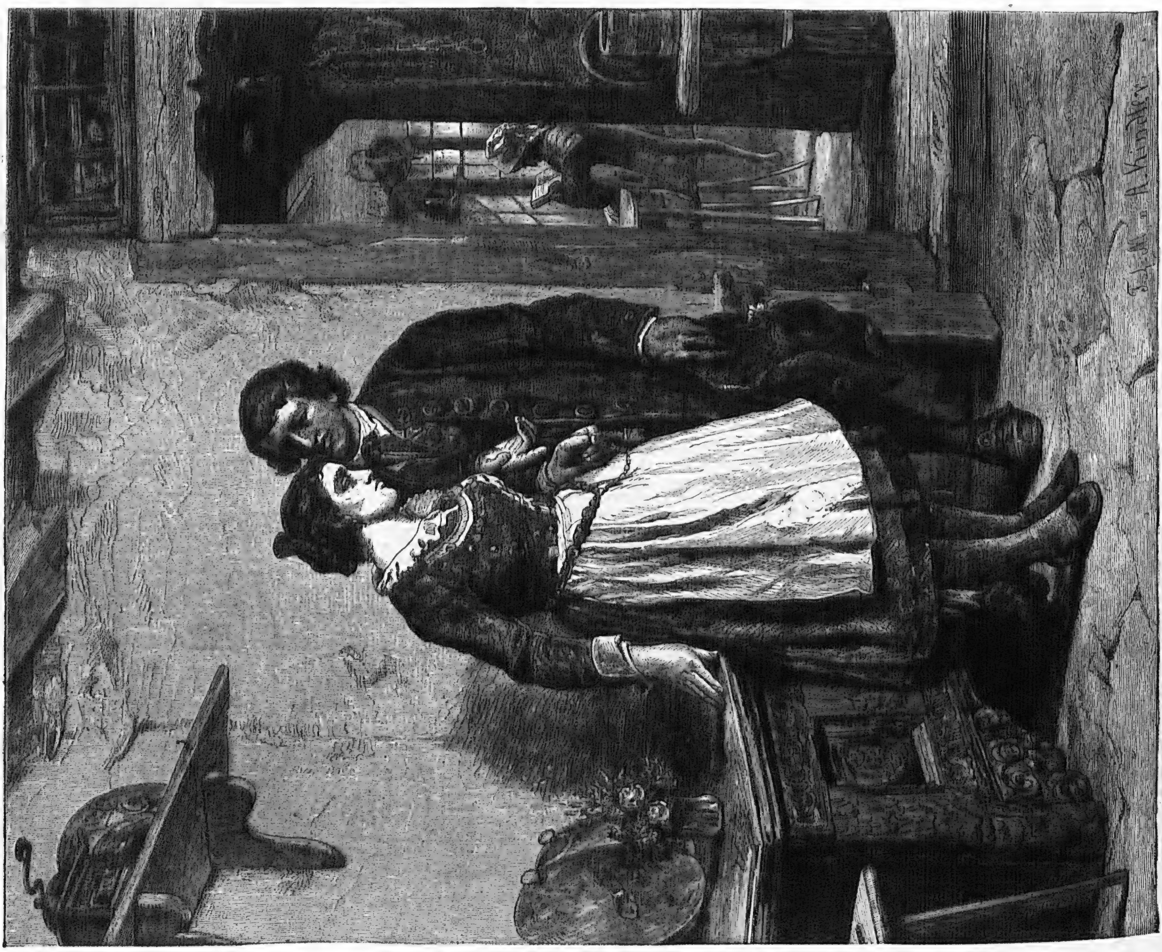
TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 412. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

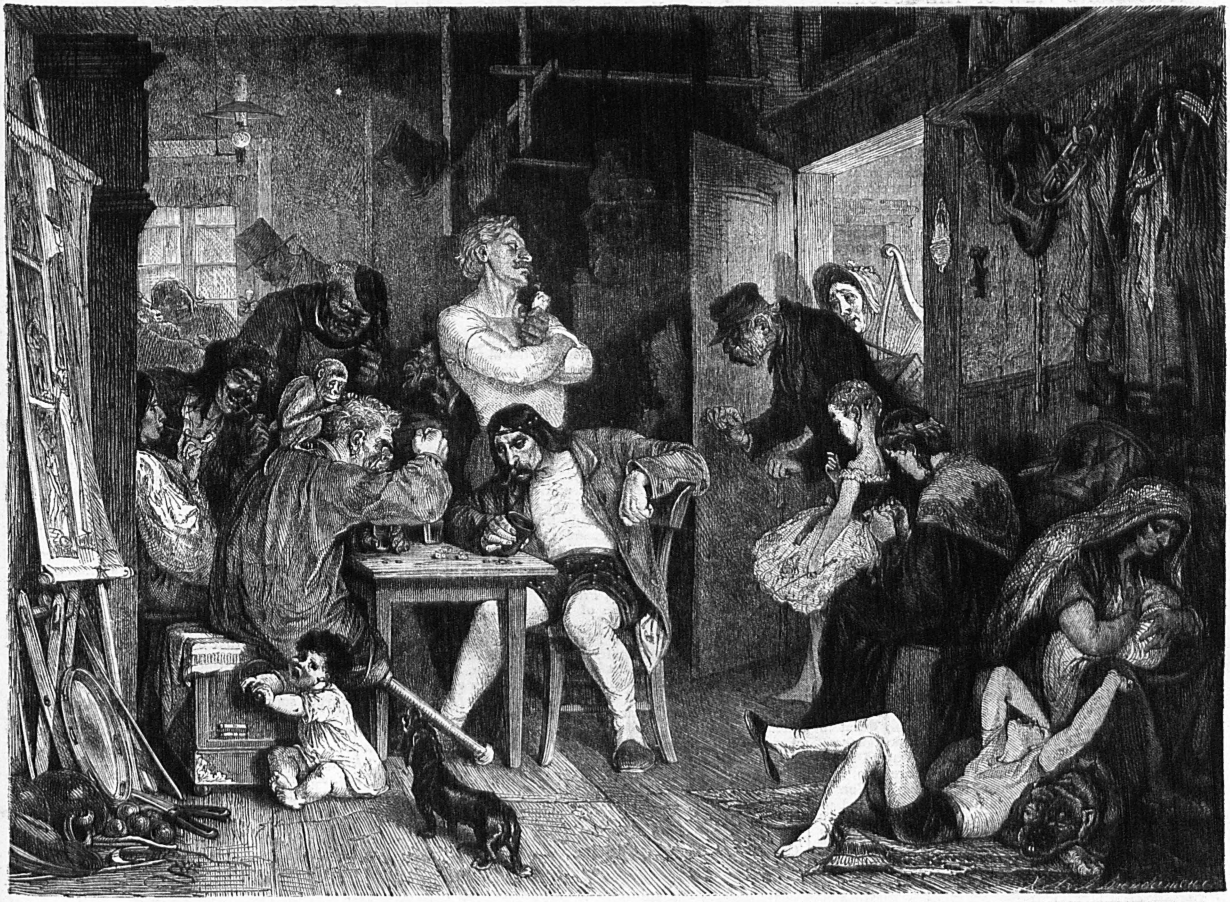
Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448



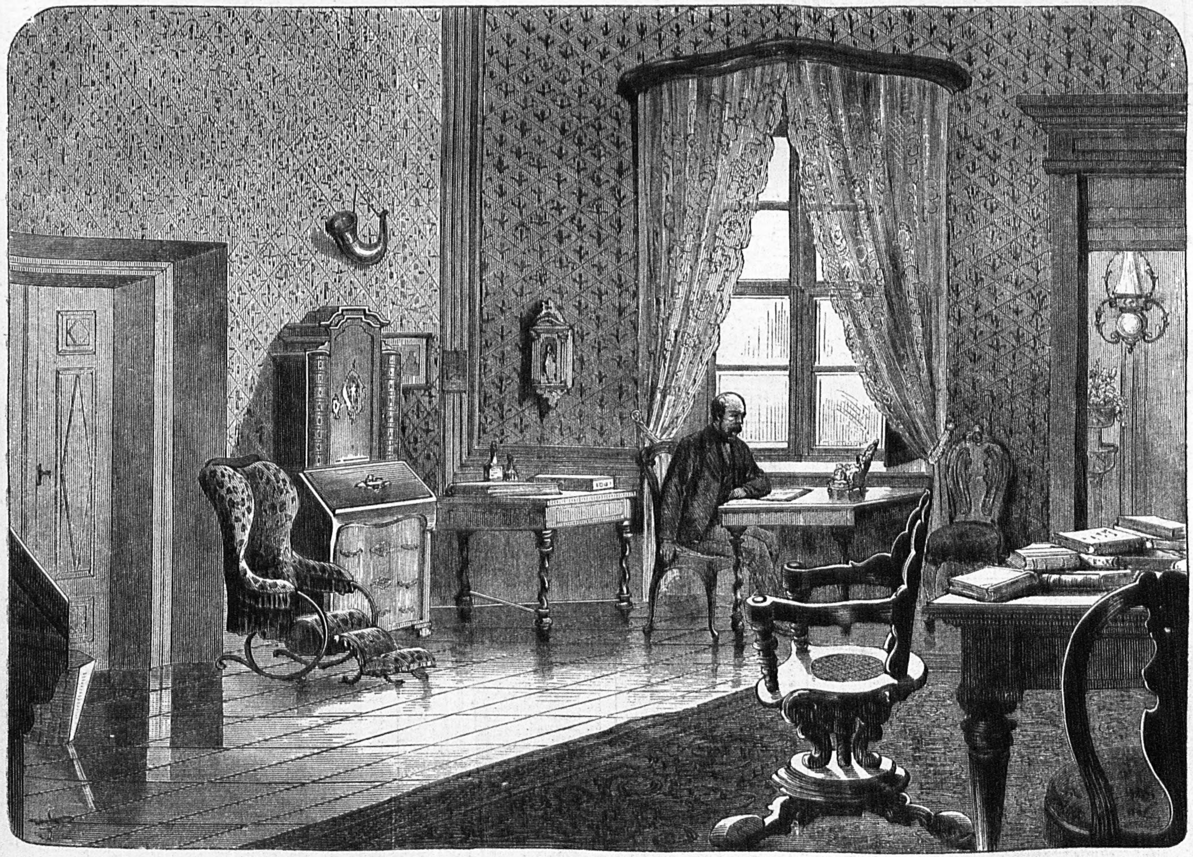
THE FIRST WALTZ.



PERSISTENCE.



SHOW PEOPLE AT A GERMAN LODGING HOUSE.



PRINCE BISMARCK IN HIS STUDY AT VARZIN.

A RUSSIAN'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

THE following conversation is given by the *Globe* as having recently taken place between a well-known Russian nobleman and the writer. The names are necessarily fictitious:—

We were discussing the Russian war over an afternoon cigar.

"That war," said Crackskoff, "will prove the foundation of our greatness."

"How so?" I asked.

"To tell you the truth," he replied, "you gave us a lesson. Previous to the Crimean war—that is, to the year 1854—we thought ourselves the strongest nation in Europe. Indeed, we heard the news of the declaration of war with great satisfaction. We, or rather the Czar, counted on our superiority in numbers, but forgot that our troops were deficient in the power of manœuvring and discipline."

"And what reason do you assign for our helping the Turks?"

"You, the English, went to war with us for this reason—you desired the commerce of Turkey; so did we, and you knew that. Once let us get the Turks under our thumb, and your trade with the East, if not entirely ruined, would be greatly diminished. The French went to war for a very different reason. The Emperor, whom I believe to be the greatest politician in Europe, knew that fighting is essential to the French character. Witness the Italian campaign; and had he beaten the Prussians in the late war, he would have been the idol of your neighbours at the present moment."

"How do you think the Crimean war was managed on our part?"

"Shockingly. Had your generals been bold enough they might have taken Sevastopol in three weeks."

"How so?"

"Your descent on the Crimea took us completely by surprise. Sevastopol was garrisoned only by the sailors of the fleet, shut up in the harbour: and had the Allies followed up their first success at the Alma, you would have entered the town with but little resistance. As it happened, however, you gave us time to bring in reinforcements from the other side."

"Which do you consider the better troops? The English or French?"

"The English possess more endurance than the French, and though the latter are quicker in the attack they are more easily repulsed. Your commissariat in the Russian war was disgraceful, and I do not consider your troops trained in the right way to resist privations. In England your soldiers are too well treated, you feed them too luxuriously. Consequently, when on a campaign they miss the food to which they are accustomed. If you want a *recherché* dinner go to a regimental mess, where the style of living is sure to be first-rate. With us it is different. We accustom both officers and men to live in so plain a way that in active service they are enabled to endure great hardships. You call your artillery the finest in the world. So it is as far as the men and guns, but look at what a low rate you keep it during time of peace. You actually have to borrow horses to enable a portion of it to appear respectable on a field day. Such a thing is fatal to the service. How, I ask, can you be prepared for war, as the present Ministry asserts? I am a Radical in my own country, and belong to the Peace party, but rather than suffer such a state of things I would willingly efface any recollection of political faith, in order that I might benefit my country. Your cavalry, through not numerous, is fine, as we can testify to, but your horses are also too well cared for—they are not up to their work if not supplied with the best of forage. With us I have known Cossacks to live for days on a few scraps of black bread, and their horses eat *dirt*, and be none the worse for it."

"Then how do you account for our successes in war?"

"It is your indomitable courage or perseverance that sustains you, and it is that which has raised you to the great position you now occupy; which, however, you will not occupy for very many more years."

"What?"

"I repeat what I said, that England will not occupy her present position for very many more years."

"Then who will take her place? You?"

"Perhaps."

"But you can never become a great maritime Power."

"No, we shall be a military Power; but your dominion over the seas will also pass away."

"Who will take it?"

"The Scandinavian monarchy. I mean Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. All great maritime nations have passed away—the Dutch, the Venetians—and it was on the ruins of the Spanish Armada that you rose to the first rank. Some day your enemies will combine to give you such a defeat that you will never recover it. Of course these changes will be gradual. We shall take India, to which we are even now steadily advancing, but we shall first go to war with Prussia."

"And what will become of her, or, rather, of the German Empire?"

"It will be divided into Prussia, as a kingdom, the head of the Protestant States; Bavaria will occupy all the Catholic portion; whilst Hungary, Bohemia, and the Danubian Principalities will form the kingdom of Sclavonia, and Austria will become a third-rate Power. France will recover Alsace and Lorraine, but will lose the portion of Italy ceded to her. There will be no Pope, but Rome will be the capital of Italy."

"And Turkey?"

"There will be no Turkey. Constantinople will again be the capital of the Greek Empire. Spain and Portugal will probably be joined into one kingdom."

"And Malta and Gibraltar?"

"You will have to give them up when you yield Canada to the United States, who will also take Mexico."

"But will not France help us?"

"No. France will remember how you have behaved towards her during the late war. Your policy in that campaign will prove the beginning of your downfall. Had you interfered, Germany would not have been so puffed up with conquest as she is at the present moment, and France would not have had cause to remind you how you deserted her in her distress."

"You have not told me what will become of Holland or Belgium in your ideas."

"Holland and Belgium will again form one kingdom, but with the latter as the most powerful portion. Luxembourg will revert to Germany, and Schleswig-Holstein to the kingdom of Scandinavia."

"What family will be on the throne of France, do you think, after the present troubles are at an end?"

"The Orleanists for a time; but eventually the Napoleonic dynasty will return, and establish itself more securely than it has ever been before."

"You said just now that there would be no Pope. How will the Roman Catholic religion prosper without one?"

"There will be no Roman Catholic religion, properly speaking. The declaration of infallibility was the death-blow of Rome, and people are even now beginning to open their eyes to its great errors. The marriage of priests will break down one of the very next barriers."

"But you surely do not suppose that the Greek religion will be adopted by all the world?"

"No; there will be two great Churches for a long time—the Eastern or Greek, and the Western or Protestant. These two will one day fuse together, as in their tenets they are not widely apart."

"Where will be the head of the Western Church?"

"In England."

"But I thought you said that we should not be any longer a first-rate Power?"

"Nor will you, but your island will remain intact, and become the headquarters of the Western Church."

"You say 'island,' why not islands?"

"Because Ireland will most probably be a separate kingdom or republic."

"Then how about your Ireland? I mean Poland."

"Ah, we have cut that orange into too many pieces for her ever to prove too troublesome. You see Austria and Prussia, together with ourselves, all possess a portion of Poland."

"Do you suppose that Russia will last for ever, then?"

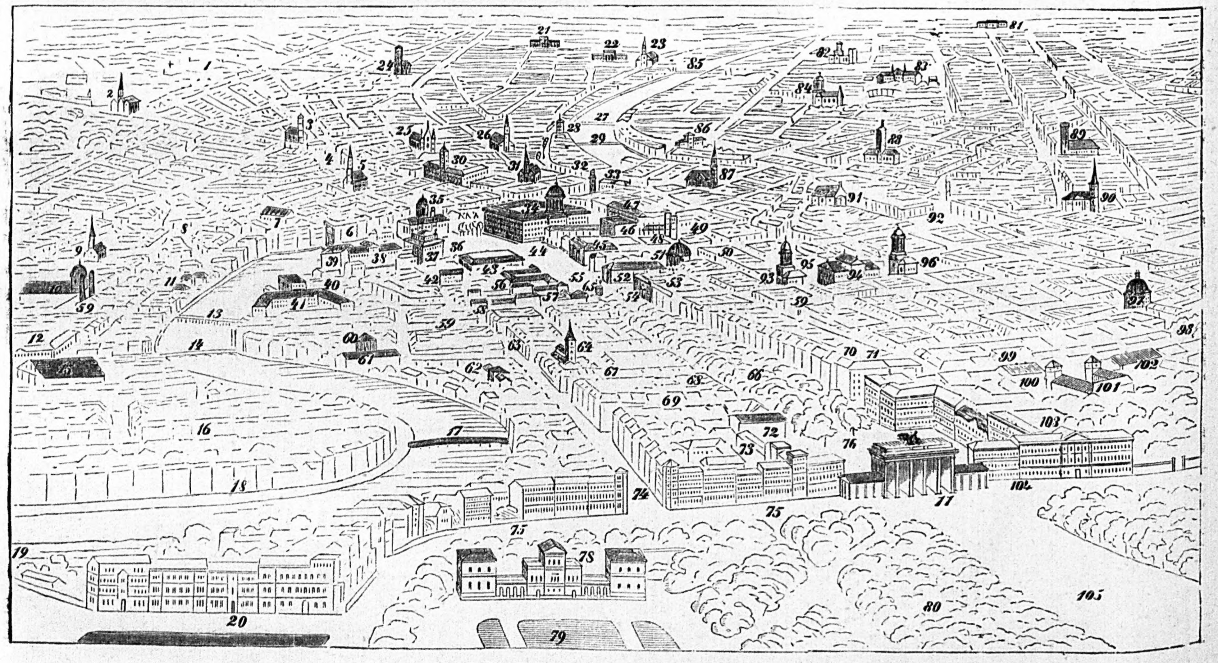
"No; but she will last till the five great empires of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia arise."

"Australia!"

"Yes, Australia will probably prove the strongest of all. She will be richest, and her resources are boundless."

"What hinders these great changes you talk of from taking place at once?"

"The want of population in countries like ours, the over-population in lands such as yours."



KEY TO BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BERLIN.

1. Friedrichshain.
2. Bartholomäuskirche.
3. Georgenkirche.
4. Alexanderplatz.
5. Marienkirche.
6. Borse.
7. Garnisonkirche.
8. Haackscher Markt.
9. Sophienkirche.
10. Synagoge.
11. Schloss Monbijou.
12. Kaserne.
13. Evertsbrücke.
14. Weidendamm brücke.
15. Berliner Markthalle.
16. Lusienstrasse.
17. Marschallsbrücke.
18. Schiffbauerdamm.
19. Segershof.
20. Roonstrasse.
21. Ostbahnhof.
22. Frankfurter Bahnhof.
23. Andreaskirche.
24. Markuskirche.
25. Klosterkirche.
26. Parochialkirche.
27. Jannowitzbrücke.
28. Waisenkirche.
29. Waisenbrücke.
30. Rathhaus.
31. Nikolaikirche.
32. Molkenmarkt, Polizeipräsidium.
33. Königliche Mühlen.
34. Königliches Schloss.
35. Dom.
36. Lustgarten.
37. 38. Museum.
39. Naturaliencabinet.
40. Packhof.
41. Artillereikaserne.
42. Singakademie.
43. Zeughaus.
44. Schlossbrücke.
45. Palais des Kronprinzen.
46. Bauakademie.
47. Das Rothe Schloss.
48. Werdersche Kirche.
49. Werderscher Markt.
50. Haupttelegraphenamt.
51. Hedwigskirche.
52. Opernhaus.
53. Königliche Bibliothek.
54. Kaiserliches Palais.
55. Platz am Opernhaus.
56. Universität.
57. Malerakademie.
58. Cavaleriekaserne.
59. Friedrichstrasse.
60. Circus Renz.
61. Tattersall.
62. Loge.
63. 64. Dorotheenstrasse und -kirche.
65. Denkmal Friedrich's II.
66. Unter den Linden.
67. Schadowstrasse.
68. Aquarium.
69. Neue Wilhelmstrasse.
70. Cultusministerium.
71. Marineministerium.
72. Hof-Jagdamt.
73. Französische Gesandtschaft.
74. Dorotheenstrasse.
75. Sommerstrasse.
76. Pariser Platz.
77. Brandenburger Thor.
78. Raczynski-Palais.
79. Königsplatz.
80. Thiergarten.
81. Görlitzer Bahnhof.
82. Thomaskirche.
83. Bethanien.
84. Michaelskirche.
85. Schillingsbrücke.
86. Kölnisches Gymnasium.
87. Petrikirche.
88. Luisenkirche.
89. Jakobikirche.
90. Jerusalemer Kirche.
91. Spittelmarkt und -kirche
92. Dönhofsplatz.
93. Französische Kirche.
94. Königliches Schauspielhaus.
95. Gensdarmenmarkt.
96. Neue Kirche.
97. Dreisaltigkeitskirche.
98. 99. Wilhelmsplatz und -strasse.
100. Prinz Friedrich Palais.
101. Ministerium des königl. Hauses
102. Staatsministerium.
103. Obercommando.
104. Königgrätzer Strasse.
105. Strasse nach Charlottenburg.

MESSNER'S FATE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York World*, writing under date of Rochester (New York), August 11, narrates the end of a man who was "thrice sentenced, thrice reprieved, once hung":—

"'I may say Messner has suffered thrice the death penalty. He was at least thrice sentenced, and once actually escaped as by the will of the Almighty—a case which in Europe, I think even in England, would attract the executive clemency. Would there be any prospect now to have his sentence commuted? I know, Governor, you are generally very quick, decided, and just in your judgment, but does this case of all not present any special feature worthy of consideration? Humanity and public opinion, and I may add justice, seem to be satisfied to have this old man of sixty-two years now sent to the State Prison for life.' This paragraph from an appeal of Mr. Guggenheim, of this city, in favour of the unfortunate Messner, whose sentence was executed here to-day, evidently touched Governor Hoffman deeply. His excellency, however, felt bound to disregard the cries of mercy, as he found them unsupported by either facts or law. In his answer to Messner's lawyer, and to Mr. Guggenheim, he declared that after the prisoner's first conviction he refused to commute the sentence, and that a second conviction did not make his case stronger. This decision having taken away all earthly hope, he 'accepted the situation,' and to-day, at 12.28 p.m., he was executed. He suffered little. The crime for which he died was committed more than three years ago. His case afforded a curious illustration of the law's delay. On April 13, 1868, his wife was murdered. Before the close of the spring he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on June 4, 1869. On June 3 he was respited. Before the respite expired a writ of error and stay of proceedings were granted by Judge Darwin Smith. It was set aside by the Supreme Court, but a second writ having been granted the execution was again deferred to December 10, 1869. On this day he was actually dressed for execution, and tickets were sold for the exhibition of his throes. In this connection the horrible rumour must be noticed that a gang of gamblers made his life and the delay of his execution the subject of bets. In fact it was said that one gang was trying to hasten and the other to defer the execution—bulling and bearing the man's life. This time he confessed that he was well prepared to die—never better prepared. A stay of proceedings was granted by Judge Martin Grover, and his case came before the Court of Appeal in the following month, January, 1870. The Court of Appeal granted a new trial, at which, by the new Act, Messner was allowed to testify in his own favour. This trial took place last June, another verdict of guilty was recorded, and under it Judge Dwight sentenced Messner to be hung to-day. His crime was that of slaying his wife. His version of the tragedy is given in the confession which I append. It was not believed on the trial. The evidence on which he was convicted was circumstantial. He and his wife, it was proved, lived a cat-and-dog life. A few days before her death she called on the neighbours to interfere in her favour. The day she was killed there was no one at the time of her murder near their miserable shanty on the Penfield Flats. After the deed was done, and while she lay dead in their cabin, he met one of the neighbours, Giles Van Aiken, who passed while he was fastening up his horse to go for the doctor. To Van Aiken he said that his wife had bad luck; that she fell from the wheel of the cart against a stick, and was badly hurt. The diameter of the wheel was but three feet six inches. From the evidences of a struggle and the character of the wound and the appearance of the stick, Messner's story was disbelieved, and the knowledge of their quarrelsome relations provoked the universal opinion that he killed her. This he afterwards admitted, but claimed that it was done in a quarrel and in self-defence. This is his version of the quarrel and its results, given when testifying in his own behalf last June. The following is Messner's testimony in full:—

"'Was born in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany; is 55 years of age; learned the cooper trade in the old country; after he was of age he was drafted and served as a soldier; came to America in 1851, after the political troubles in Germany were over; found work in Long Island at first; came to Rochester in 1860; worked by the month at farming; have lived in Monroe County since that time; moved to Penfield in the fall of 1863; became acquainted with his wife 1860, and was married that year in this city; she was Irish; commenced living in Penfield with her in 1863; remember Saturday morning, the 11th April, 1868; was in the city that day; started between six and seven in the morning; returned about four or five o'clock; was somewhat intoxicated that day; my wife was in the house when I returned; she asked me where I stayed so long; I told her I had a good deal of business; I asked her for something to eat; she said if I wanted anything to eat I might get it; I called her a lazy woman; she took a stool and came at me; I took hold of her; don't know whether there was any blows; when engaged in the scuffle did not strike her with the stool; found her in the house that day; that was the only difficulty that day; don't think she cried out; stayed home Saturday night; she undertook to walk away, and I stood before her; we both stayed there that night; she went away in the morning; I met her at Wm. Laird's house about half an hour after; I had my breakfast home that morning; don't know why she left, did not have any trouble; we remained at Laird's until noon; at noon I went home; she did not go with me; she came right after noon; stayed a little while; went back to Wm. Laird's house; I went and found her there; had no other housekeeper; never up to that period had threatened to kill her; remained at home Sunday night; saw her next Monday morning between six and seven; I saw her go up the road into the house, and I followed her up; she prepared right off for breakfast; I asked her if she would get breakfast for me; she said 'Get it yourself;' we ate together; she said she wanted to go to the city; I said, 'When the horse got through eating;' she watched for the waggon, and said she was going to the city to pay for some hay; she called me a —— drunken ——; she then came at me and struck me with a stick, and then I struck her with a stick; and struck her harder than I meant to; she dropped; I then tried to take her into the house; she slipped from my hand; I took her into the house and laid her on the bed, and tried to help her; after three-quarters of an hour went for a doctor; locked the house; saw Mr. Van Aiken at his house; I told him I had bad luck this morning—my wife had a fall. He said possibly the horse kicked her; I said possibly; I didn't want to let it be known that she had got hurt in that way; I was frightened at it; I next saw the doctor; did not see Mr. Laird on the way; saw Dr. Burroughs; went with a horse and waggon to see him; went as fast as I could; found him at another house; took about an hour to get around; I told the doctor she had got hurt the same way as I did Mr. Van Aiken; I told him she was pretty low; did not see anybody when I got home; the doctor got there about the same time; the doctor examined the wound and told me he must have another doctor; he told me I must wet it with wet cloths; told him I was short for a change; he told me to wash them and lay them on again; when the doctor was gone I took the towel to the brook to wash it; it was bloody; I went to the chopping block and got the mallet and then got the hatchet to chop off the roughness of the mallet, so as not to wear out the towel; when that was done I came along and threw the mallet into the dove coop; the slide was up; during the night was down; the Irondequoit Creek was about twenty-five feet from the house; did not strike my wife with the mallet; the doctor came next with John Cliner; the mallet was found next day; don't recollect who showed it first; they asked me how the blood came on it; I told them I pounded it out; did not scrape it; used the mallet for pounding in my business; the mallet is in common use; was at the coroner's inquest; when I was at Laird's house said I would go home, load my pistol, and blow my brains out; I did not like the manner I was treated by her; Mrs. Messner was about three inches taller than I; she was pretty strong; was in the habit of working out of doors; did not say that if she went to the city to complain of me she would be a dead woman before going out of the house; was not in the habit of hindering her from going to the city; was about six or seven feet from the waggon when I struck her; there were blood-stains on the ground; never tried to conceal them; think the hens scratched them away; I took her round her waist, when I removed her to the house, and dragged her; showed the doctor the place where her heels dragged; did not notice her dress; the bonnet looks like the one she had, but I don't want to swear to it; she had one at the time; I took it off in the house; when I first took her up she slipped out, and her head fell on the ground; she was bleeding pretty freely; she laid there half a minute; she was excited at the time; she had a stick two or three feet long to strike me with; there was lots of rubbish there; she came at me violently; I grabbed a stick then; it was a rough, crooked stick, about two and a half feet long; it was not exactly round, but crooked; hit her with the end; saw one bruise on the right side of the face; know a man by the name of Balzer since 1864; had trouble with him; he took me up; charged me with stealing a box of tobacco; don't know anything about a box being found on my premises; he sued me and wife in Penfield for trespass; was discharged from arrest for stealing the tobacco; Mr. W. M. Butts was my counsel; was arrested once charged with stealing a waggon; pleaded guilty; it was Mr. Barnes's waggon; could not get out of it; it was a put-up job; I locked the door after hitting her: I thought she might walk away where she could not be found.'"

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

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1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

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May, 1871. [370

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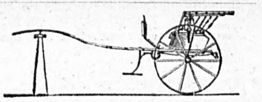

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